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THE

MENTAL MIRROR;

OR,

Rumseller's Dream.

A POEM.

By J. Leander

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PREFACE.

A prevailing belief exists with men that there are two vast realms of nature — the material and visible, the immaterial and invisible ;— and also, that spirits exist independent of matter, that man after death inhabits some portion of an immaterial or spiritual universe ; or, if all existence is combined with matter, matter in the spiritual world is so rarified and refined as to be invisible to humanity here, and adapted to spirit life. Mind and its actions being invisible to the outward sense, means are employed to convey inward impressions to the visible world. Hence, humanity resorts to figures, jestures and oral expressions, in order to convey the feelings and movements of one mind to another. And since time immemorable, individual minds have labored to represent the forms and condition of the spirit realm, each employing means to represent those conditions as they are supposed, imagined, or believed to be and exist.

The two conditions in this world — the happy and peaceful, the unhappy and restless — are represented as existing in futurity ; and as thoughts are in-

tensified the more spiritual they become, and the joy or sorrow more ecstatic or painful as they approach the deeper heart, so these conditions are supposed to be intensified in the other world by the reason of the nearer approach to a pure spiritual existence. Hence, in systems of theology, appears a heaven of supreme delight, and a region of inexpressible sorrow. These naturally arise from two states in this life, and as sorrow is supposed to spring from wrong-doing, and happiness from well-doing, we have good and evil as antagonists, with their countless agencies and untold results. These carried by immortals to the future state, necessarily create there these conditions enlarged and intensified. Figures of representation being absolutely necessary here in this life to represent mind, its actions and feelings; they are also employed in some form or forms to represent conditions and feelings as they are supposed to exist, in that future unseen world.

The terms heaven and hell, being opposite in their meaning, have their unnumbered auxilaries, and, therefore, figures of beauty, perfection, glory and loveliness, are presented in form of angels, and cities of golden foundation, of jasper walls set with diamonds, &c., while the dark region is represented by haggard figures, as fallen, perverted men and beings who inhabit a world of woe.

Heaven, the home of the happy, is represented as

enveloped in a halo of indescribable effulgence, issuing from the unapproachable Cause and Creator of all, while the state where the wretched exist, is represented as a dark and doleful abyss of night, pervaded with an atmosphere so intolerable as to be past all forms of description ; and while the air breathed by angels and sanctified beings, is represented as pure, and an embodiment of life and glory,—its inhalation causing ecstatic delights—that of the dark regions as the most intensely tormenting. The idea ever conveyed, is that the nearer the individual being approaches perfection of quality or of state, the more intensified will be their pleasure or pain. The scenes portrayed in this volume are employed to represent principles and a realm or state of mind that otherwise could not well be expressed, and those figures in nature and design, are offered to the readers as a mode of revealing what passed in the mind and but feebly express what they are employed to represent.

The object being to illustrate the nature and effect of liquor dealing upon society, and especially its moral effects upon the soul here, and the probable influence it may have upon the spirit in the future state of existence.

With these explanatory remarks the Dream is offered to a generous public, trusting for a more complete interpretation of the principles involved to what may be disclosed by the scenes.

ARGUMENT.

In offering this poem in defence of Temperance no apology is deemed necessary. The principles inculcated, the moral and religious tone, and the argument, afford sufficient guarantee. As an advocate of the cause of temperance, it is especially applicable to these times.

The argument and demonstrations are presented in the form of a "Dream." The leading character, a dealer, who, in a profound reverie, first beholds suffering humanity as bowed beneath heavy burdens; then, nature in its glory, magnificence and harmony,—the work of an infinitely perfect God—and then sinking into an abnormal state appears to pass through the dark vale, and to meet with the companions of his traffic in the regions of effect, each of whom is holding in his hand a revolving and reflecting goblet, representative of memory, which acts as a moral and mental mirror, and by which is revealed, all the deeds of life and their effects upon suffering consumers, their families, and upon society; concluding with a call, as from heaven, for the women to arise and proceed to put down the liquor traffic,—their assault, the conflict and the triumphant results. Through all the scenes, virtue, patience, meekness, forgiveness, religious faith in prayer, and an enduring trust in God, are prominently revealed in the person of a poor, forsaken and suffering mother, the wife of one of the unfortunate victims of rum.

While recording and giving this vision to men,
One motive, one only, is now and has been,
To reflect the true nature of rum, and those laws
Which shield, also honor the rum-selling cause.
The youth are fast entering its dangerous snares,
And people becoming its traffic and wares;
A cloud lowers over the nation, portentious,
And wine, we all know, makes its subjects contentious.

By hidden design, its victims pursues,
And all it ensnares will debauch and abuse;
Bewilders, benumbs and dethrones intellect,—
The noblest manhood debasing, will wreck,—
Imprison the spirit and ruin the home
Of who to the shrine of rum-witchery come.
No curse of its equal is known in the world,
Its banner enticing, is broadly unfurled,
And streams on the breeze, inviting, betraying—
In gorgeous array the rum-goddess displaying,—
And the laws of true temperance alone can abate
This pestilence preying on people and state.

The language is simple, and thence unblemished ;
Can be well understood, though may not be relished.
The opposer may wrestle, as he will, if he pleases,
No marvel, if lovers of wine, the verse teases ;
No marvel, though friends of the sparkling cup,—
As critics, should labor to lay the verse up.
To weaken effect by the cry of abuse,
And all who in secret now practice the use
Of the charming decoction, may claim, "Imperfection
In rythm and measure!" with loud interjection,
Expose every error of which may be many,—
Proclaim it unworthy the notice of any.

Still the good of the people is sought by the verse,
However defective, it might have been worse ;
The attention of dealers is earnestly courted,
By whom it may not be admired or supported.
The ruined and fallen will own to its truth,—
Perchance it may serve as a warning to youth,—
As a check to the moderate drinker.
If one,
Even one, is saved by it, my work is well done.

THE CALL.

Rum-seller awake and arise from thy slumber!
Behold the result that thy labor attends;
Look forth from thy gorgeous chamber and notice
Clouds rise from the pit where life's thoroughfare ends.
Like an ocean convulsed, mountain waves see uprolling;
See the broad flashing flames on the dense darkness there;
Hear the roar of the tempest-urged fiery billows,
As they rise and expand on the quivering air.

Awake from *thy* slumber! O moderate drinker;
The heavens are moved by the wails of the dead;
List to the groans of the sorrowing legions,
No longer repose on thy soft silken bed.
Just over the way see thy neighbor besotted,
Set forth with the throng to that fiery tomb;
Rise, hasten thy toilet! O haste and pursue him;
Restore him and peace to his sorrowing home.

Look down life's broad avenue gorged with like victims;
See thy fellow and kin madly gyrating there!

Rise! marshal thy forces — rush forth and redeem them,
Ere they sink and are lost in that world of despair.
See the tide of humanity seething and surging,
Like the waves of the maelstrom with merciless sweep;
Ingathering the legions, rum-ruined, and hurling
Them down through the gorge to the fiery deep.
Stand aghast do the people, in wonder beholding
The tide urging deathward the helpless and lost;
Rumseller, go forth and in mercy rescue them,
Ere they rise thine accusers, a ghastly grim host.

Furl quickly, thy banner, desist from rum-selling,
Close the gateway of death, and as sentinel there,
Guard the passway to ruin, with earnest endeavor
Seek and save the deluded from hopeless despair.
See, the angels of mercy around thee are moving,
The voice of our Father, in tenderest tone,
From heaven descending, is unto thee calling,
To rescue the fallen, forsaken and lone;
Who bound and imprisoned, for mercy are pleading,
While the noble of earth are toiling to save;
Rum-seller, go forth, follow virtue's safe leading,
The victors are ever the noble and brave.

The day-star of hope over earth is now rising,
And shedding the light of redemption afar;
Humanity moved by a power all surprising,
And glory is beaming from Bethlehem's star.

The conquering arm of Jehovah attending,
And Heaven's Pavilion encircles the world;
Holy angels of light from the Father descending,
Salvation's broad banner of victory unfurled,
Streams forth on the breeze, and the people are waking;
The tomb yields to life the long concealed there,—
The power of truth the moral world quaking,—
God heard and is answering the sufferer's prayer.

Rumseller, awake! in this day of salvation,
The voice of all nature is calling to thee;
Appeal to the holy One while He is passing,
His mercy will set thy imprisoned soul free.
Join the bands now engaged in the work of redemption;
As soldier of Jesus, enlist and arise;
A crown of bright jewels immortal awaits thee;
Go forth in true valor and win the bright prize.
The waves of salvation triumphantly rolling,
Are whelming the powers of rum.
Hail! all hail!
The hosts who in righteousness earth are controlling!
Rumseller fall in now, the cause will prevail.

SCENE I.

THE REVERIE.

On a calm summer morning, the fifth of July,
In a flora-clad bower, beneath a bright sky,
On a moss-woven pallet alone I reposed,—
To the tread of the million my consciousness closed,
When scenes of my childhood appeared in review,
And memory traversed life's journey anew ;
Whose fast moving incidents urged me along
The waves of humanity's tide-driven throng.

So chequered the scene, intervolved, and so hazed,
My senses bewildered, my consciousness mazed,—
A compound of animate nature in strife,
Impelled by the inherent forces of life ;
All rushing forth, seeking some ideal prize,
With purpose oft clad in bewildering disguise.
Humanity thus appeared drifting and surging,

The incoming legions the out-going urging.
Throughout human life, saw the toiling low bend
Beneath heavy burdens, till life's labors end,
While faith inspired hope in a Paradise, where
The race reunited and free from all care,
Redeemed, sanctified, by Emanuel blessed,
On the bosom of loveliness ever shall rest.

For a season was lost in reflections like these
But roused by the touch of the whispering breeze,
Which like a loved spirit my temples caressed,
While soothing my weary, worn body to rest.

My soul was entranced, and enchanted my ear,
By what I could see, also what I could hear ;
The twitter of swallow, te-te-tweet of the wren,
The bass-noted winds as they passed o'er the glen ;
The wood-pecker's drum on the limb of dry oak,
The chattering magpie, the raven's hoarse croak ;
The hum of the bee, and the chirp of the cricket,
Chit-chur of the squirrel at play in the thicket,
The breeze making sport with my uncovered locks,
The echoing stroke of the bell of town clocks,
The rattle and clang, and the jingle of things ;
The cooing of doves and the flutter of wings,
The mocking-bird song, and the cry of the jay,
The rumbling of carriage wheels dying away.

PROEM.

This natural movement and blending of sound,
Lulled my nervous sensations to quiet profound ;—
My consciousness closed to the world from without,
Inducing abnormal conditions, no doubt,
Engaging my vision with magnified views,
As the reader may judge, who is pleased to peruse
This narrative, written in measure and rhyme,
Of what appeared to me the sequel of time—
The results of man's doing, vice, virtue and crime.

Through varying transitions, my mind seemed to move,
Sometimes in the regions of night,—then above
In a cloud overlooking the toiling race, when
I beheld the great evil that rules over men.

Saw woman o' erburdened with sorrow and care,
Bowed low at the throne of our Father, in prayer ;
While a Demon held legions of men at his will,
Through a Charm, whose effect was to deaden and kill—
To benumb and bewilder—besotten the mind,—
The chief of misfortune, this Charm to mankind.
It enters the palace, the cottage, the den,
Debasing all castes and conditions of men.
Its banner I saw, as it floated, unfurled,
The conquering Ensign of Death o 'er the world,

This Charmer, so fatal to virtue and home,
So worshipped by man, is a Bottle of Rum.

As the sorrowing women were bowing in prayer,
A voice called from Heaven,—
"For the conflict prepare."
They rose, as impelled by omnipotent might,
When an angel descended on wings of pure light,
With a trumpet proclaiming the purpose of Heaven:
"Commission from God to the woman is given,
To marshal the host of their sufferers, and
Around the proud Monarch in deep columns stand,
Besiege thus the Temple of Rum, and assail
The Prince on his throne."
Saw the battle prevail
In the name of Jehovah, abstinence, right,
And the earth was enhaloed with glory so bright,
That the evil Prince fled and the Shrine of Rum fell
Engulfed in the pit of the nethermost hell.

THE VISION.

CAUSE, NATURE AND OBJECT.

This vision I give as to me it was given,
Inspired by the causes all human or heaven ;
With a prayer that the victim of rum, it may move
To temperance, purity, happiness, love.

It is far from a fairy tale pleasantly told,
Or an epic of heroic fables of old.
Out of the depths of affliction it came,—
Afflictions too great to express by name ;
The offspring of parentage, gloomy, depressed,—
It arose into form from an agonized breast ;
Begotten by sorrow, and nourished by grief,
When Hope was too feeble to offer relief,
And the spirit was yielding all, all in despair,
An angel came whispering, "*There is power in prayer.*"
Light beamed from the heavens, and Hope appeared brighter ;
Faith adding fervor, the burden grew lighter,
The Charmer escaped as the altar appeared,

And Heaven, the soul, for its mission prepared ;
Bright angels descended to comfort and aid,
And the inner life scenes in their order displayed.

Though the figures may not, all intended evolve,
Time, as well demonstration, the problem may solve.
Truth is its foundation, and facts the material
Of which it is formed, though somewhat etherial,
The scenes here depicted, in life oft are played ;
Of sad human history, the structure is made.

The hopeful conclusions may time demonstrate ;
And a brighter than this, future history create,
And man rise above all the woes of our time,
To dwell in an element truly sublime ;
And out of this darkness a pure race ascend,
Till earth shall with heaven in harmony blend ;
And the echoing voices of angels prolong,
In heaven man's lofty, victorious song,—
The song of redemption through labor and grace,
The triumphal song of a God-redeemed race.

While in the soft shadows I gently reclined,
These stirring sensations pervaded my mind ;
A power possessing my innermost soul,
My thoughts and perceptions appeared to control,
Till a more acute consciousness seemed to awake
And life of new mysteries largely partake.

SCENE II.

THE SUBLIME LIFE AND HARMONY OF NATURE.

I sought the repose of the solitude, there
Removed from the busy world's wearying care,
To retrospect life, and its uses to learn,
And the perspective future of being discern.
Concealed by the bower that over me hung,
Whose animate foliage, over me flung
A screen of dim shadows, subduing the rays
Of the midsummer sun, whose luminous blaze
Would dazzle the vision, and deaden the eye;
Through shadow and leaflet, the canopied sky,
In the splendor of infinite glory was seen,
O'er-arching the planet with azure and sheen;—
A realm where systems their orbits may run,
And satellites sport in the sphere of their sun.
Bright Dome of the Universe! spacious abode
Of glorified beings!—Dominion of God!

My soul caught the rapturous spirit sublime,—
The life of all majesty, life of all time;
The glow of the great chandelier of all space,
Whose orbs, all majestic, illumine and grace
The infinite realm, whose quickening fire
Animate nature's immensurate empire,
Burned deep in my spirit an ardent desire
To escape from the bondage of earth, and arise,
And range o'er the infinite plane of the skies;
As a spirit-winged thought, on to kingdoms afar,
With a convoy of angels, view planet and star
Composing the Temple of Nature, and share
The delights of the blissful inhabitants there.

O, why, with such high aspirations inborn,
Should the spirit be bound, imprisoned, forlorn;
Confined in this cumbersome body, to sigh
For the lofty abodes of those beings on high,
Where the sanctified dwell, and in blissful employ,
The pleasures of all the bright heavens enjoy;
Luxuriating divinely in gardens of love,
The fruit of life plucking from bowers above,
From branches o'erarching the paradise plains,
Whose virtue life's vigor immortal sustains;
Where the waves of pure light move in measures sublime,
And the voice of the legions in harmony chime
With the melodies born of the infinite soul,

Which out of the depths of eternity roll ;
Where each rose is a harp, and each branchlet a lyre,
From which the soft breezes sweet music inspire ;
Where thoughts interkindle with luminous glow,
And the waters of life unceasingly flow ;
Where all in the bounties of paradise share,
Uncumbered with substance, unburdened with care,—
How I long to depart, how I long to be there !

While lost in reflections I seemed to arise
On pinions of light, through the sun-lumined skies,
The earth, all commotion, was from me receding ;
Its power o 'er my spirit, no longer impeding
My rapid ascension to regions unknown ;
Increased were desires to which we are prone,
For vision more perfect of supernal things ;
Faith, hope and affinity served me as wings,
To bear me along toward the central light.

My soul was baptized with celestial delight,
Within me seemed quickened, by the spirit divine,
The higher perceptions. My thoughts seemed to shine
As diamonds, reflecting the mind's scintillations ;
I moved in the sphere of new mental creations,
Where intellect garners vast treasures with joy,
Bright jewels of wisdom, and free from alloy.
Around and above me, and far into space,

I beheld demonstrations of wisdom and grace,
A Father's hand guiding the kingdoms afar ;
Saw moving, as living things, planet and star,
Whose hallowed harmonies uttered a song,
In multiform manner, with polyglot tongue ;
All spheres and departments seemed blended in one,
Through which laws of sympathy acted and run,
While matter and motion through nature extant,
Responded to each and all manifest want.
Controlled by the laws of affinitive life,
All nature with nourishing power seemed rife ;
Sustaining formation from insect to man,—
From angel to seraph—a well devised plan,
Revealing all grades of embodiments, where
Is manifest Deific Purpose and care.

And thus the immensity moved as a whole ;
One Organ, all nature, with animate soul ;
Inspired by the infinite Spirit divine,
All parts so arranged, as in one, to combine
Tone, harmony, rythm, pure accent and time ;
The voice of all nature, deep, lofty, sublime,
So truly combined and so justly arranged ;
Not a measure transposed, or a key-note, if changed,
Would add to perfection of Organ or song ;
Not a scale recomposed, but results would be wrong.

SCENE III.

THE OPPOSITE VIEW.

This scene of the glory of nature withdrew,
Man's restless condition appeared to my view ;
Born into relations of sorrow and strife,
He has no assurance of pleasure or life ;
Existing in endless uncertainty, and
Can nothing hold firm in his perishing hand.
The present possesses, the future believes—
For a moment of pleasure, an hour often grieves ;
He struggles to live while certain to die—
Hopes to rest from his toils in the great bye and bye.

Thus my thoughts wandered over the races of men,
And sadness o'ershadowed my lone spirit, when
A voice from the glowing cloud over me, said,
" Your vision of nature is nature as made ;
The laws of dynamics move strictly precise,

While those of mentality, oft otherwise.
All nature controlled by their deific laws
Proceed as designed by the Infinite Cause,
While beings endowed with love, wisdom and will,
Perverting their faculties, fail to fulfill
Creation's design, and by transgressing law
From the sphere of perfection, their beings withdraw."

"Had men no volition, could only pursue
A course predetermined, punctillously true,
Thought and moved as impelled, and forced to obey
Fixed laws with precision, could swerve neither way,
Controlled thus by force of unchangeable rules,
They would be and appear automatical tools,—
Would exist in the realm of matter entire,
Possessing no function, higher life to inspire."

"Fixed laws then of nature man's form would control,
Existing, though now an intelligent soul,
Combining in which are love, wisdom and will,—
The bodily functions proceed to fulfill,
The choice of his judgment or passional sense,
The results of that choice are life's sure recompense;
If inspired by pure motives, peace will attend
And the soul will with angels of purity blend;
But if evil desires the being control,
Those carnal indulgencies poison the soul.

Two moral conditions exist with mankind,
To one or the other each soul is inclined ;
The one is above, the other below,
To the lower, through folly, perverted men go ;
In this region of sorrow, an opposite view
In readiness lingers, Rumsellers, for you.

Where laws God impressed in the heart are effaced,
And justice and mercy, by sin, are displaced ;
Where lust, as the priesthood of carnal desires,
On sensuous altars, keep sensuous fires.
Vice breeds in the spirit a venamous clan
Of vipers, to feast on the morals of man ;—
Truth sinks into darkness, and falsehoods arise
And evil with goodness successfully vies.

THE MORAL INDEX.

THE INNER LIFE REFLECTED UPON THE UNDERSTANDING.
HOW MIND AND CHARACTER ARE FORMED.

Bewildered and saddened, and sorely depressed,
I sank in deep gloom upon nature's cold breast,
Well knowing I could not to heaven ascend,
Nor the cause and sequences of life comprehend ;
A cloud overshadowed my spirit and sense,
Seemed poising in void—and in troubled suspense
I gazed into vacancy, gloomy, unending,
And murmured, " What am I, and to what tending ?"
When out of the shadow a visage arose,
And answered, " The spirit alone can disclose
The laws of the spirit—its nature define
And the prospective future of being divine.
In vain you look outward yourself to discern,
The purpose and end of your being to learn ;
Your innermost consciousness and its inclining,
The motives, desires and uses combining,
The soul constitute." Then whispered, low bending,
"To this and this only, your spirit is tending ;

Examine minutely, and while analyzing,
Know *this* is your self-hood, your being, comprising
In form and complexion, your purpose and thought,
Procedure and motives, this image have wrought,
All feelings indulged, all hidden intentions,
Ambition, vain-glory, religious pretensions,
Are here represented, with shading and texture,
Yourself the sole builder, as well architecture,
In you and of you beginning and ending,
This is the future to which you are tending.
Your query thus answered, your problem is solved;
In self-hood are life and its issues involved."

This strange exhibition my spirit confounded,
I gazed at the visage, my self-respect wounded,
The mystified, shadowy manifestation,
I could not accept as the representation
Of my innermost nature—the fruit of my doing—
The harvest ingathered from seeds of my sowing,
A jumbling of faculties, morbid and tangled,
Where conscience and purposes, differed and wrangled,
The evil prevailing, and conscience declining,
Betrayed and subdued by the counter designing
Of a mischievous heart and an ill-disposed spirit;
In anguish I cried out "I cannot inherit
A nature so hateful! O, vanish and leave me!
Do not, I implore, of my senses bereave me!"

As I strove to repel it, it murmured, "I fear
Your sense is bewildered, your vision not clear."
"A phantom," I answered, "no good can inspire;
In the scale of existence my soul ranges higher
Than this vile distortion, this caricature,—
A presence so hateful I cannot endure."

It earnestly answered, still over me bending,
"Be not deceived as to what you are tending;
In this MENTAL MIRROR yourself you discern,
And may, by endeavor, your destiny learn.
It is not important what primary relation
Your being sustains to the Cause of creation;
Your interest consists in the soul-temple building
Method and structure, finish and gilding,
Passions indulged, affinities cherished;—
What faculties famished, and what by you nourished;
Improved how your intellect—objects pursued;
What affections are fostered, as well, what subdued.
A cluster of faculties formed the beginning,
Developed by usage, the prize you are winning.
No law of the mind can its functions dissever;
Dismember your soul, though you would, you can never;
No change can be wrought in the texture and shading,
In the great coming future by this scornful evading;
The nature formed here, henceforth will attend you,
However unwelcome, why should truth so offend you."

These thoughts seemed to flow from the figure before me,
Myself to myself to reveal and restore me ;
The problem of being, so strangely was solving ;—
Around the soul center, life's deeds were revolving
By the laws of formation, enlarging the spirit,—
Creating a future, the soul must inherit.
This mode of revealing man's nature, disclosed
The laws of the senses—how minds was composed ;
How the loom of the faculties interwove thought,
By the shuttle of passion's quick movements, and wrought
The web of the spirit, interlacing each deed ;
The warp and the woof, the moral and meed,
With the motives combining, uniting the whole
In the one living being, the ultimate soul.
With the feelings and acts of the creature thus blending,
Past, present and future of life comprehending,
The sympathies forming the features and caste,
The sphere of the soul, and its future forecast,
Interblending all shades by the tinge of desire—
Born of extrinsic causes, allied to inspire,
Disclosing the nature of passions indulged ;
And thus to myself was my spirit divulged.

This method of reasoning, o'erveiling with gloom
My innermost being, foreshadowed a doom
Averse to my hopes, and my feelings depressed,
And the more I reflected, the more was distressed,

Until anguish aroused me and quickened my sense.
I asked why existence was, also from whence?
To seek deeper causes, my thoughts now inclined,
And thence sought the infinite realm of the mind.
A gleam of light beamed on my spirit, and then
I caught a faint glimpse of the sources of men.
A fathomless ocean of wisdom and life,—
A fountain with germinal intellect rife
The source of all consciousness, source of all sense,
Where the spirit of life originates. Thence
Assuming material functions and form,
To the laws of humanity yield and conforms;
By mental activities quickens and thrives,
In matter mature, and for eminence strives,
Enlarging capacity, growing in strength,
Preparing for higher conditions; at length,
As a sanctified being, a spirit ascends,
To higher dominions with higher life blends.
Who fails to improve their own talents, sustain
A loss inconceivably great;—and again
Enter the kingdom of spirit, to dwell
In a region, contrasted with heaven, a hell;
Where wrangle discordant creations; where gloom
O'ershadows the soul like a pall of the tomb.

This view of the nature of consciousness, wrought
My mind into higher perceptions, and brought

More clearly to view human life, and I saw
The sources of action, the purpose of law.
How laws of conditions combined with the soul,
Designed to develop, mature and control—
Interblending all deeds with the spirit of life,
Conducting the spirit through manifold strife,
And quickening the immature being, to grow
Out of the bondage of matter below,
Into conditions of spiritual force ;
Guiding the soul in its predesigned course
Of the higher attainments, to ultimate sense ;—
An harmonized spirit, the great recompense ;
Bright prospects of hallowed honor to gain,
Through struggle and fortitude, crosses and pain.

Thus, man in his nature appeared as a whole,
With functions and form an intelligent soul,
Combining in him, all the forces, designed
By the Author of Being, the Infinite Mind ;
A germ of immortal capacities, and
A future of infinite bliss at command ;
A home with the holy to win, if he will
The laws of his present condition fulfill ;
A crown of life wrought by his hands, he may wear,
And with angels, eternal felicity share.

THE ANGEL OF LIGHT.

While in this bright sphere of reflection, I heard
A voice full of eloquent music, that stirred
To the depth of my being, emotional sense;
And I asked with an eager desire, from whence
The hallowed accents—when lo! I beheld
Far, far in the distance, a being who held
A cluster of stars in his hand, and a light
Shone round him so holy and searchingly bright
As to dazzle my vision, and fill me with awe.
As the being majestic drew near me, I saw
A crown of most marvelous beauty and form,
Composed of bright jewels, inwrought cruciform;
His robe formed of stars, interwoven with gold;
From his shoulders depending hung fold over fold,
So graceful and pure, that the rays interblent,
Reflecting a sphere—a divine firmament.
Thus with glory enshrined and with manner supreme
Seemed to step upon stars whose lustrous beam
Gushed forth as he pressed them.
To me it appeared
That an object so glorious, all heaven revered,

On a being so God-like, overawed and amazed
In the mood of sublime adoration, I gazed ;—
From the depths of my soul I exclaimed,
"Thou Divine,"
When lo ! he replied "A servant of thine !
I come as thy counsellor, wisdom and guide ;
Be not sacreligious, or blindly decide,
No object is worthy of homage save Him
Who dwells in the sphere of Himself. Cherubim
Of the higher attainments, encircle His throne ;
Let all worship God, the Eternal, alone."

"The sin of mankind culminates in desire
To defy nature, to enslave, to inspire
The heart of the race with the splendor of gold ;—
The god of the weak and the mammon of old,—
To exalt above virtue and goodness, what men
Denominate wealth ;—which is, and has been
The woe of the world ;—not wealth of itself,
But that which results from the worship of pelf.
I come to forewarn you of evils to come,
Rumseller, 'tis sad ! you have wrought this dark doom ;
Who builds on the sands the results must abide,
The deeds of men's choosing, their future decide ;
A change is approaching, list, list to that roar,
Of the billows of death on eternity's shore !"

A sudden commotion succeeded, that shook
The heavens afar, and a tempest awoke ;
The glory departed,—vivid lightnings were flashing,
And thunders terrific around me were crashing.
The decomposed atmosphere stifled my breath,
And my powers engaged in a conflict with death,
Seemed entering the waves of a dark rolling river,
Whose cold chilling waters induced a death shiver.
The light of life fading,—the sun going out,—
All objects around me seemed shifting about,
And nature returning to chaos again,
While darkness enshrouded the endless domain.

All nature now seemed to me broken and changed ;
Within, all the functions of being deranged,
Chilling vapors arising, enveloped my soul ;
A mightiness seized me, beyond my control,
And bore me along through a gorge of deep gloom,
And darkness closed round, like the pall of the tomb
My terror now wrought into hopeless despair,
In anguish of spirit I bowed me in prayer ;
When a voice from the tempest in answer replied,
" On the dark sullen waters of death you now ride,
Whose swift rolling billows break over the shore,
Where time and eternity meet : all is o'er."

The pillars of nature seemed yielding. The dome

Collapsing around and above me, lay prone
The forces designed human life to sustain,
And all my endeavors and pleadings were vain.
The waves closed around me, the storm raging high,
Rolled billow o'er billow,—death's rapids were nigh;
Forlorn and forsaken, gale-driven, was tost
On the breakers that surged down the perilous coast,
O'er the wrecks that lay crushed in their deep rocky bed
All wedged in that charnel house gorged with the dead;
Where storm-driven barks had been fearfully hurled
Down the dark yawning gulf of that cavernous world.
The thunder's dread peal that shook nature afar,—
The dull stunning roar of the cataract jar,
The whirl of the gale and the red lightnings gleam,
Bewildered, benumbed me.
In the raging death-stream
I yielded all hope. As I fearfully rushed
Along the dread channel, disheartened and crushed;
Through the dark whirling clouds I beheld, drawing near,
A strange looking creature, who to me did appear
As the cause of this maelstrom of death, and who held
The storm in his hand, and the tempest impelled.
This visage approached me with marvelous stride;
Stepped from billow to billow, where the waters divide;
With ease he strode over the troughs of the sea;
In vain I endeavored to avoid him, or flee.
Approaching me sternly, he eagerly grasped

My quivering body and pinioned me fast;
Not a member could move by the power of my will:—
He murmured, "I have my own mission to fill."
Then palsied my being and cast me aside,
And said, "The result of your doings abide."

The last touch of Death, and his chilling address
My body convulsed, and increased the distress
Of my suffering spirit, and I asked him to tell
Was I dying, or held by a magical spell?
No answer was given; and benumbed and amazed
On the visage of death in its ghastliness gazed,
Till all vision was closed and no object could see;
My hearing grew heavy. The roar of the sea
Died away on my ear. "Was the trial then passed?"
I could but inquire;—and this was the last
I knew or remembered. All sense seemed destroyed,
And nature, to me, an oblivious void;
A blank in existence succeeded, and sense
And life appeared held in unconscious suspense.

Awakened at length from oblivious sleep,
My consciousness poised o'er a fathomless deep
As boundless as space, and as cheerless as night;
A silence most painful,—no semblance of light
Relieved the oppressive monotony there.
My first feeble thought rose to heaven,—a prayer,

When an impulse inherent, immortal, supreme,
Each faculty quickened, till a glowing life beam
Arose from my spirit and illumined my mind,
Increasing, until it my being enshrined ;
Broke the death grasp that held all my faculties still,
Resurrected the powers of perception and will ;
Unfettered the spirit, and loosened the chain
That held me in bondage.

The sum of all pain
In that desolate state, is the spirit's despair ;
Again, in my anguish, I uttered a prayer
That God in great mercy would rescue my soul,
And the billows of darkness subdue and control ;
When a voice from the depths of the solitude said,
" Awake from thy slumber !" and raising my head
To see whence the message, my spirit arose,
And the air as a garment, appeared to enclose
My form, and to shield me, and buoy me up,
A hand, from the darkness, presented a cup ;
And a voice, " Drink the contents ! No poison is there,
I came to relieve you, I heard your sad prayer.
Dost remember the scene when I prayed unto you ?
We will soon meet again ! For a season, adieu !"

Departing I saw the bright visage, and felt
It was one, who in anguish of spirit, had knelt
Before me, and plead for her husband in vain ;

Whose manhood, the cup from my own hand had slain.
How was it she knew I was suffering despair?
Where could she have been to have heard my sad prayer?

SCENE IV.

THE PROPENSITIES,—THEIR ATTITUDE AND MORAL STATE.

Then gathered around me a group of strange creatures,
With hideous form and disagreeable features,
Each appearing as though commissioned to share
In an effort, progressing, myself to prepare
For some journey before me.
To these it was said
This needs readjusting; old functions are dead,
And the mind not collected, wants order and form;
Each faculty will its own function perform.
Perverted in life, hence the passage thus far,
Deranged and distracted.
Move each with much care,
Else the trembling taper will flicker away;
With care and precision each function obey
The law of its nature as now it exists,
For frail are the powers retained, to resist
The shock of transition.

The morals so weak,
One blast would extinguish the life. You will seek
Each portion composing the spirit, to share
In the process which may this frail creature prepare
For future procedure. Move steadily, will
And judgment united, each now will fulfill
Their offices composing this system. Proceed
The heart to inspire and to balance the head."

The group thus addressed, I beheld were inclined
To blend in the sphere of my much weakened mind,
Each appearing one function or faculty; and
In a manner bewildering, around me to stand,
Preparing for some special action, I saw
All held by the bonds of affinitive law.

Pride stood in position the leader of all;
Next in order, Ambition. Between these, a small
Creature, demented, and famished, and weak,
Unable to move independent, or speak;
By its side was another frail looking creature,
Exceedingly lovely in form and in feature;
Resembling each other, each to each stood inclined,
So truthful, confiding, angelic in mind:—
Light beamed from these figures as pure as the morn,
While Pride and Ambition gazed at them with scorn.
These two seemed to look at some object above,

And watching their movements, saw "Meekness and Love"
Appear in a bow, over-arching the twain,
Which the others beheld with a fiendish disdain.

Near by stood a bloated thing, clad in like fashion
With Pride and Ambition,—the name of which, Passion ;
Embraced by this thing was a large burly bust,
With a brazen complexion ;—this creature was Lust.
In the center of all appeared bold Selfishness ;
Near by was Benevolence, bowed in distress ;
Crouched low I saw Reverence, devoid of all will ;
Carnality stood as determined to kill
All social affection,—all love for the good,
What might have been Reason, appeared as the god,
Dictator, lawgiver, a monarch inflated,
Egotistic, assumptive, with vanity mated.
Near by stood another much loved, by the chief,
For his subtle demeanor ;—its name, Unbelief.
" No God, no hereafter, no sequel to sin ;
Away ! moral ethics,—I labor to win
By whatever method I choose to employ,—
I live for life's pleasures,—I live to enjoy."
Then appeared a square-chested, broad-shouldered excuse
Of manly appearance : " I can brook no abuse ;
My name, " Self-Importance," the thing boldly said,
And dropped his coarse hand on the Peacemaker's head.
Hand in hand with these creatures stood Combativeness,

And then that sly creature, Acquisitiveness ;
These smiled on each other, while coarse Selfishness
Stood sighing for want of their tender caress.
"No God, no hereafter," was visaged by all
Except those depressed into figures too small,
Too feeble, too timid to assume any part.

The group seemed intently to gaze at my heart;
By this I discovered some law, all combined,
Each one with his fellow, and all with my mind ;
And thus all united, my being composed.
Approaching still nearer, they blended and closed
Around my soul centre ; the tragic scene ended,—
Distinction was lost—in myself-hood all blended.

THE GARMENT OF IMMORTALITY.

COMPOSED OF MOTIVE, PURPOSES AND DEEDS.

These varying transitions bewildered my sense,
Overburdened my fast wanning spirit. Suspense
Was becoming more terrible far, than the worst
Condition conceivable. Even though cursed
And doomed to eternal destruction, were less
Spirit-tormenting, soul-crushing distress.
From the depths of my anguish, I uttered a prayer
For relief, in some form, from my pungent despair.
When slowly approached, in the shadows of gloom
A being who said, "My abode is the tomb,—
A sentinel guard, and will furnish a guide
Over the sea to the opposite side,—
A kingdom where beings in darkness confined,
Exist in a gloomy depression of mind.
But ere you depart, must be duly prepared
With proper credentials ; a vesture and ward ;
The soul readjusted, confirmed, and inspired
With adequate zeal. Whatever required

As needful, will here be provided and done,
That you may complete your long journey begun."

But I have a passport to heaven above,
A kingdom of purity, happiness, love.
In the Book of Life early my name was recorded
And a crown of life will to my soul be awarded.
I long from this desolate world to depart.
Approaching, he said, "You inherit no part,
In the kingdom of heaven; your record I hold
States clearly that you, in life, bartered and sold
Your birthright in heaven, exchanging for gold
Your interest in that which is holy and good;
That mammon you honored and worshipped as God;
Neglected the higher, the lower pursued,
Exalted the base and the noble subdued.
Neglected to lay up a treasure in heaven;
Indulged in a spirit which, acting as leaven,
Inflated your pride, and your conscience, beclouded
By your carnal indulgence, your intellect shrouded,
The treasures of earth thus by far over-rated,
And a spirit unfitted for heaven, created."
With his right hand a sceptre then raised, and a cloud
Rose out of the gloom and as mantle or shroud,
Encompassed my person,
"This," he said, "wear;
You wrought the material with vigilant care,—

It truly becomes you in form and complexion ;
For the purpose designed it will bear close inspection,
Inwrought in this vesture are scenes of your life ;
Ingrain are the figures of husband and wife,
And children, all ruined by lager and wine ;—
That suffering was theirs,—this trial is thine.

This coloring was mixed with the spirit of tears ;—
Spun off with much skill from the distaff of years,
Was the warp and the woof, from which your hands wove
The hieroglyph garments. Your passional love
And acquisitive spirit, cast the shuttle with greed,
Interlacing the deeds of life thread over thread.
As the silk-worm is wound in the web of its spinning,
Man's soul winds itself in its deeds from beginning.
By his purpose and doings, man spins his cocoon,
Which serves in the end as his temple and boon ;
These moral creations weave the spirit within
The vesture his habits have caused him to spin.
Emotional consciousness draws a fine thread,
Of which his soul's garment is woven and made.
The texture of silk by the larvae prepared
Compares with the means which the worm-spinner shared,
Of which it constructed its silken cocoon,
Within which 'tis wound when the labor is done.
So man, by the moral of purpose and thought,
Gives caste to the robe by his life labors wrought.

This robe is a record of purpose and deeds,—
Examine minutely what each hieroglyph reads.
Your conscience, as artist, recorded each act,
Now clearly revealing each thought, and each fact;
And facts must endure as unalterable things,
Be they wrought by the beggar, serf, courtier or kings;
The acts thus united, as a mirror here brings
Before the soul's vision, all deeds of the past;
As a mirror, reflects also, morals and caste.
Thus it is with the spirit,—there can be no disguise,—
As a man to himself appears, so to all eyes
His soul in its true moral nature is seen;—
No theory or manner existing between
The being observing, and the being observed;
Revealing at sight the propensities served,—
Thus indwelling natures are manifest here;—
As the soul to itself is, the same will appear.
The Savior said, all will be published,—revealed,
As from the house-top, not a motive concealed,
Or the most secret thought, in that period when
Before the Great King shall assemble all men.

This structure, by body and spirit created,
Is the chariot in which human life is translated;
Or is borne from the kingdom of nature, and thence
Returned to the realm of spirit, from whence
The life is derived. The nature and grade

Accord with the motives controlling when made.
Composed of two kingdoms,—of matter and spirit,—
The morals form caste, condition and merit.

That book called the Bible, I presume you have read,—
It treats very clearly of the realms of the dead;
And states, does it not, that all spirits are classed
According to what they were in their lives past,
When their bodily functions their purposes served.
In that book, it is said, an Apostle observed
A class robed in vestures, pure, spotless and white,
Who moved in a sphere of celestial delight.
Not a cloud overshadowed their beings, and there
Each garment revealed a soul lovely and fair.
Their robes had been cleansed by the blood
Of the Lamb. And thus as the glorified stood
With palms in their hands, there was nothing concealed,
Their garments their true moral natures revealed;
Enhaloed in light, their purity shown
With lustre divine, as they bowed at the throne
Of their King and Creator, Eternal, Supreme,
Uttering loud allelujahs,—salvation their theme.

This view is by law justified and sustained,
And thence is the robe you appear in explained;
Your toilet adjusted, prepare to descend
To that region where those of your character tend.

SCENE V.

EXPOSITION.

In which the mind is represented as lingering, for a season, around the portals and beneath the shadows of material nature, thence setting forth and moving to its destination. Pride and Ambition are represented as the controlling powers of this perverted soul, and by reason of their preponderating influence, acting as the leading propensities.

While passing along the soul reasons with itself, and in profound meditation anamadverts the past and prospectively scans the future.

In this deep meditation the mind loses, for a season, all consciousness of external things, and by aid of its vivid imaginations, passes into the realm of spirit, where the disembodied appear to be moving around, and near the shores of mortality. In this earnest reverie, the soul has a sense,—a foreshadowing of the future, as taught in

all ages, disclosed in the Scriptures, and confirmed by the consciousness, and hope of man. There is, therefore, no pretentions to the really supernatural, farther than the interpenetration of thought into that state where the spirit of man meets *itself*, in all the momentous realties of life and being.

VIEW OF COUNTLESS BEINGS.

With a wand the guard quickened my being, and pride
Arose with ambition, and appeared by my side
In the form of conductor, a power to control
The movements henceforth of my suffering soul.
Said the guard, " Moral Reason" as counsel and ward,
Will expound moral law as the soul is explored ;
While through the vast realm of thought and sensation
Mind moves, will disclose the kindred relation
Of cause and effect, the beginning and ending,
And the state to which each moral nature is tending.

Controlled by some power, then arose from that scene
And passed through the gloom until poised o'er a plane
Where legions of beings were floating in space,
Ingathered from every tribe, nation or race.

The savage barbarian, the more civilized,
All classes of beings this assembly comprised;
The ignorant and wise, the serf and the lord,
Were gathered from earth by the gloomy death-ford;
The good and the evil, the weak and the strong,
All mingled alike in this limitless throng.
The old and the young, once rich, or the poor
All appeared at this gloomy dark passage,—death's door.

In every conceivable condition here saw
Those beings, and all as controlled by some law
Which graded and classed them, positions arranging;
Like cleaving to like, and from group to group changing
Those of opposite nature,—like to like as inclining,
And blending in spirit, uniting, combining,
Through the bonds of affinitive natures and souls;
And here was discovered that power which controls
The spirits of men according to grade,—
According to character by each actor made.

As stars in the murky air objects were moving,
With anxious demeanor, and tender and loving;
Some held in their bosom while rising above
A feeble, lone being, while others would move
From group unto group, as if seeking with care
Some one of the many, and I asked my guide where
I was, and what beings these were, when he said:—

" This scene representing the state of the dead
Is that in which beings to consciousness wake
Out of death's struggle. From here angels take
To their holy abode, the humble and good ;
Those lights represent the commissioned of God,—
His ministering spirits,
See how they arise,
As angelic guides to the uppermost skies."

THE SOLEMN ENQUIRY.

As I moved in the gloomy air, lower descending,
I murmured in spirit, " This is past comprehending ;
Why does not some angel appear as my guide ?"
He answered : " The deeds of your life must decide ;
These angels of light bear to regions above
The humble, devoted, pure children of love
Who labored for right, and the good of their race,
Whose lives were examples of virtue and grace ;
Those who were benevolent, genial and kind,
And willing to suffer for the good of mankind.
They are the blest who the angels bear home
To the mansions above.
" Not the subjects of rum ;
Now the passage grows dark, let us hasten our way.

It is sad, O Rumseller,—you bartered your day,—
Devoted your powers to a traffic so dire
To all in its sphere."

"Pray, let me inquire,
Will I not be borne to the land of the blest,
Where troubles ne'er come, and the weary have rest?"
"You will not, indeed, but to regions of night;
How sad, I repeat, you allowed rum to blight
Your spirit of life, and your being control,
Until you had wrought this dark fate of your soul.
Why did you indulge in that traffic for gain,
When the evils were daily revealed, and so plain?
Why drift in that careless condition, and lead
Your fellows along to the vales of the dead?
Around you are moving the victims of rum,
All drifting, alas, to their desolate doom!
To the goal of your habits you strongly incline,
To reach it, your lower propensions combine."

Disheartened, I sought to escape from my guide,
And said, "Your companionship cannot abide;"
When he grasped me with vigor, and whispered:—

"Say, Elf,
Can you by endeavor escape from yourself?
Be the causes, Rumseller, whatever they may,
You are drawn by these forces a nethermost way.
Descending through regions of darkness, and I

Your leading propensity personify."
Submitting, I plead with him then to explain
The cause of my present condition again.
Though I trafficed in liquors, many legions more had,
Why center all vengeance in me, while it made
My condition more terrible far to endure?
Was I the main criminal law could procure
To hold as the center of evil? Was I
The chief of all sinners." He said, "I will try
Once more to explain:—

As a dealer in rum
You sacrificed man and destroyed his home.
So others have done, but as chief in the trade,
You rank with the few who of your social grade,
Over-reaching, enticing, debased for the gain,
Regardless the poverty wrought, or the pain.
All dealers in rum would not bribe for a vote,
Or accept an estate through a drunken man's throat;
Nor entice men to ruin, their wealth to obtain;
Thus tempt to destruction their treasures to gain,
Nor covet a jewel, by deception secure it—
The prayer of their victim's wives, few could endure it,
But moved by compassion would relieve, not depress,
While the unfeeling multiply care and distress.
There may be rumsellers who blindly pursue
The traffic. Peradventure there may be but few,
Whose sense would permit them to traffic in rum,

Were they conscious of all of the distress men and home
Do suffer by reason of alcohol, and
Could all the rumsellers full well understand
The evil effects, some might cease to employ
The means that so many kind hearted destroy.
Some care not for others—for self only toil,
And gather, as may be, the treasure and spoil,
Regardless the suffering their dealing may cause ;
These fall in the wake of those manifest laws,—
Cause and effect as by scenes here displayed ;
The future of a life is what that life has made ;
Other habits are evil as well as rum dealing,
But *yours* was *that* traffic—and laws now revealing
The nature and consequent end of that sphere
To you, as a dealer, are caused to appear.

Around you are moving the class of your kind,
You are now in the sphere of the rumselling mind ;
As light with its opposite never can blend
And as like cleaves to like, rumsellers all tend
To a final degree in the scale of those souls,
Which the law of like elements ever controls.
To repent of all evil while probation endures,
A home with the holy in heaven secures ;
But careless to law's great demand, you pursued
The traffic of evil and your wealth thus accrued :
You moved in a sphere of a misguided clan

Whose doings were sadly debasing to man.
"As chief you was then, as chief now, are led
In the way of your class to the abode of the dead.
As chief you will often perform your own part,
Again you will witness the display of your heart
By others of equal iniquitous kind,
Debased and corrupted in spirit and mind."

"To render these reasons familiar and plain,
The laws of man's nature will rehearse and explain.
The spirit of man is his life and his sense,—
The body is formed for the spirit, and, thence,
'Tis the spirit that feels, that prompts, that desires;
This consciousness, bodily functions inspires
As the agents of sense, human wants to supply,
These functions of use are the portions that die;
The hand hath no passion, the flesh hath no will,
But these do all passional functions fulfill.
As the means of the pleasures enjoyed, or the pain
Endured by the spirit, and to reason 'tis plain
That desires from the spirit must quicken, must rise,
Since the body of man, as the portion that dies,
Drops away from the soul, and the soul with its sense
Passes out of the physical elements—thence
To seek other means its desires to sate—
The soul disembodied is this present state
Now revealed to your vision,—these beings you see,

Are acting their nature, what e'er it may be.
Reversed are the movements, when matter and mind
Shall cease to maintain their relations combined."

"United and quickened, they grow and mature—
Combined, thus, the soul and the body procure
Resources from matter, prepare nourishment
For bodily functions, as well element
To strengthen the soul and enlarge intellect;
These portions of being each with each intersect.
The body is nourished, the mind is supplied;
Two kingdoms here blend and two kingdoms provide
For the unfolding nature. The body and mind
Unite in the man, in the man are combined;
The object, the growth of an immortal soul,
Thus the functions of being, united, unfold
The spirit undying, a life that decay
Can neutralize never, nor death take away.
The fruit of this union, immortality,
Exist, must, forever with power "to be;"—
With power to think, decide and proceed;
Death cannot the spirit of progress impede."

"The work of the day presages the morrow;
Its weal or its woe, its joy or its sorrow;
The future is fashioned by labors of men,
In their being's first state—in the period when
Their habits are forming."

" It is evident, then,
No special enactment, or deific command
Produced these conditions, this desolate land ;
Sin worked the results at a terrible cost ;
Sin fashioned this region in which you are lost.
You guided your footsteps directing you here,
Prepared your own soul for this sorrowful sphere ;
This sphere was thus formed by men of like grade ;
These conditions, therefore, were by Heaven not made.
The germinal man, God created, and then
Men fashion the future condition of men."

" But I have, I repeated, a passport to bliss ;
The way to that kingdom can never be this ;—
No shadowy elements shroud the way there,—
No taunting illusions awaken despair,—
Nor would Heaven permit redeemed spirits alone,
To pass through parched deserts to Immanuel's throne ;
But would guard them and guide them with angels of love,
To heaven, the glorified kingdom above,—
On wings of pure azure would buoy them up."

" Thou fool ! " he responded, " you dealt in the cup
By which is reversed the whole order of things.
Could alcohol purchase pure angelic wings ?
A passport to heaven ? Bright chariots man win
With bourbon, rum, brandy, methiglin and gin ?

Secure holy angels as convoy on high
By sale of malt liquors and spirits of rye ?
In vain all your hopes are thus heaven to gain,
Your moral condition is here rendered plain.
You purchased your passport to regions unknown,
And wrought out a character strictly your own.
You cannot conceal it, however you try,
Your garment wrought round you, you cannot lay by."

SCENE VI.

Meeting with one who had been led into the traffic by flattering inducements—Who rehearses the past and foreshadows the future—A searching address.

A companion of old now approaching me said,
" What a state for their souls liquor dealers have made ;
It is sad thus to meet, I remember you well,
And also those habits by which you so fell—
By which you was to this condition inclined,
Corrupting your morals, debasing your mind.
You were then in the " fashion " and moved with the tide,
No pleasure your nature or spirit denied ;
You was happy as men deem themselves who enjoy
The pleasures of life with no wants to annoy.
Adorned was your person, supplied was your home
From the means you secured by the sale of your rum ;
Wore costly apparel, if memory is right,
Not this which so changes your manner and plight.
Men do not, in all things through life time appear

What they are in their heart, nor as they do here,
Your expression so changed, your look so depressed,
You have not that marvelous gem in your breast,
Nor the ring on your finger, the fourth, I believe ;
That pledged by a wife to her husband relieve
Your manner less pompous."

" How strange this attire !
Are these hieroglyphics ? May I gently inquire ?
This guide ; ah ! your pride and ambition combined,
How prompt and seductive their power o'er your mind.
They incline you this way as though were your guide.
That figure I noticed which moves by your side
Appears to direct and as counsel explains
The laws and conditions, and your courage sustains."

THE VICTIM'S BRIDE.

As a lone star descending, an object drew near
Until poising above in the gloomy night air,
A being most lovely, whose features shone bright,
Appeared in the robes of an angel of light.
Said the old time companion,

" Your victim's lone wife !
Whose ring you displayed with such pleasure in life,

How is it now with you, does her presence give pain?
List! what is she saying?"

"We meet once again.
"I would not afflict nor increase your distress,
I am grieved to behold you in this wretchedness.
Not being revengeful, my sorrow is great
To see your soul in this most pitiful state;
I could but pause near you while passing along
In search of lone wanderers lost with this throng.
I seek by commission the feeble, afflicted,
Who were noble in purpose, but being addicted
To the habit which led them from right and astray,
Were borne on the tide with the fallen this way;
But I must not linger, the lost must pursue,
We will soon meet again; for a season, adieu."

What a marvelous episode, strangely appearing,
That spirit addressed her kind words to your hearing.
This brings clear, before us the scenes passed of old,
When you was a leading rumseller and bold,
In all your demeanor a well feeling man.
If I'm not mistaken, your history thus ran:—
You supported all laws that rumselling sustained,
Of all who opposed lisence laws you complained;
Whenever admonished, you heard with dull ears,
Was careless of sorrow, unmindful of tears;
All the temperance teachers derided, and then

Boasted your power over weak minded men.
Had a gorgeous hall, with apartments beneath,
Where your customers entered the charnal of death ;
On the altars of Bacchus life offerings were laid ;
Those hidden retreats proved great sanctums of trade.
There husband and father, and brother and friends,
Were changed from truth lovers, to brutes, if not fiends,—
Were ruined for earth, and for darkness prepared,
Destruction attended the feeble ensnared
To those secret carnivals—thence to holiness lost.
Men enter those halls at most terrible cost ;
But justice in nature re acts upon those,
Who led men astray and who multiplied woes.
Two features sometimes human features may wear
And changeable colors in garments appear ;
But the heart is the source of all moral desires,
The heart is the portion that justice requires,—
The heart is the man, say, do as you will,—
It is motives give life, also, motives that kill.
It is motive that causes the judge to decide,
That the soul be condemned or the soul justified :
Thus motives determine the nature of crime
As well as of virtue, and motives incline
And classify men—guide their dealings in time,
Incline them to virtue or incline to crime.

FORCED SYMPATHY.

In this vast dominion of spirits are seen
All grades and conditions of perverted men.
Here nature's adjustments are wrought, and the soul
Yields to the laws that in justice control,
Reacting the deeds of life over again,
The consciousness seeming a focus of pain
Where center the heart-rending thoughts rum produced
In the minds of consumers, whose lives were reduced
To the plane of the laggard—the wants of the poor,
And needy, and wretched ; they feel o'er and o'er
The anguish of spirit their customers felt ;
In sympathy dwell, too, where poverty dwelt ;
In sympathy feel all the woe they have made,
And sink, do they thus, to the drinking man's grade.

PERSONAL APPLICATION.

Go, enter the heart of the father, and learn
The state of his feelings—his feelings discern ;
Go, feel as he feels—think his thoughts o'er again—

Be anxious, tormented—endure all his pain.
Let clouds dark and dreary, encompass you there ;
Forebodings more fearful than present despair.
Perceive through the shadows greater evils yet coming ;
Let demons of darkness be at your heart drumming,
Increasing your anguish, fear adding to fear,
The wail of your victim in agony hear.
Wehr-wolves of the deep see low crouching and waiting,
And ghosts of the dead o'er your spirit debating,
While serpents and vipers are 'round congregating,
And arise out of darkness the legion of demons,
In your heart squirm the "snakes" of delirium tremens ;
Weep as a fond father with visage beclouded,
As his son he discovers in moral night shrouded,
Afloat on the waves of the ruinous billows
With the "rabble" around his companions and fellows ;
Rushing down the abyss which is seething and surging,
To a hopeless despair, the rum-maddened urging
The son of his hope and the child of affection.
Go feel as he feels ; share his anxious dejection ;
Bewail his bewailing, shed the tears he is shedding ;
Make a couch of the earth, of the storm-cloud your bedding.
Go walk in the darkness which deeply enshrouds him,
Share equal the evils with which you endowed him ;
Press closely the temples where hot blood is rushing ;
Bear the burden of woe that his spirit is crushing ;

Drink deep of the cup so bewildering, benumbing,
Prepare for new trials so constantly coming.
Entreat, but in vain, for a firm reformation ;
Seek, hopelessly seek, for hope's sweet consolation,
Derived from a pledge almost sure to be broken.
Regret then again that a word you have spoken,
Lest it trouble the child and his soul be distressed,
And he sink in despair being over-oppressed.
Go with that sad son — shed *his* tears o'er again,
You ruined his hope — was the cause of this pain ;
Tore away from his peaceful, kind spirit, all rest,
Disheartened and ruined that once happy breast.
I remember your power o'er my own purpose when
You induced me to rank with the rum-selling men ;
That was the beginning, my state here the ending,
To a still deeper darkness your spirit is tending."

When thus he concluded this marvellous speech,
To the group made a signal that moved upon each
In a manner which caused them to answer "amen,"
"Amen and amen," groaned again and again.
The haggard group turned and passed from our view,
"And we," said my guide, "will our journey pursue ;"
"We must pass a deep, dismal and dangerous way,
To the dread destination we must not delay."

We were then on a wave of the atmosphere borne,

Through that dark gloomy region depressed and forlorn,
To a cavernous world of profound desolation,
Surpassing all scenes of mind's doleful creation;
In anguish I said, "What a soul-chilling state!
What life could exist here? What a terrible fate
To be doomed to remain in a region like this,
A measureless cavern, a shoreless abyss!

"'Tis the state of your mind," responded my guide,
When hope in a peaceful existence has died;
Died out of the soul, and human desires
Have no means of response to what spirit inspires;
When the last ray of hope sinks deep into night,
And the spirit deprived of that life-giving light
Which illumines the mind and the sphere of the sense,
And being exists in a gloomy suspense,
And an infinite void to the senses appear —
This is the state of your consciousness here."

HOPELESS DESPAIR.

I then earnestly prayed for annihilation,
Would offer myself as a final oblation,
O, to sleep a long sleep in unconscious repose—
Ye powers above me, or who e'er can dispose.

Of conscious existence, O, quench out my life,
O, bring to an end this most horrible strife!
Let me sink into slumber and there let me lie,
Let me pass to oblivion — O, let my soul die!
Unknowing, unknown, and perish all thoughts,
Give my soul rest eternal, forgetting, forgot!

In my anguish of spirit again was inspired
To plead my own cause, and once more I enquired,
"Was, dealing in liquor, the crime of all crimes?
Must all who sell rum hear the echoing chimes
Of death ever more through eternity's years,
To startle their spirit and quicken their fears?"

THE REPLY.

"All sins have their harvest of nature and kind,
And your habits your soul to this region inclined;
You lived in that sphere, in that low moral grade,
Where inebriates, and widows and orphans were made.
That sphere forms the morals, the habits, the taste,
Of all in its circle, and fashions the cast
Of the soul in its deeper recesses; therefore,
Your habits created the states you deplore."

My reason awakened most clearly I saw,
That state was induced by an unchanging law ;
And by what I had witnessed and now realized
Of the laws of conditions, revealed undisguised,
Saw clearly these woes had beginning on earth ;
That with men of low morals these sorrows had birth.
The sin of that system that ultimates night
With all its machinery, was clear to my sight ;
Saw the heart as the fountain, whence issued the rills,
Which, swelling to rivers, this gloomy world fills,
With the freight-laden crafts, which are borne on the tide,
Down the channel of passions, and evil-ward glide ;
Until death, the last pilot, their souls moor at length
In these harbors of gloom ;—and as union is strength,
Therefore, in these bays, on the coast, on the land,
The ruined are gathered into masses and bands,
Till all overflow with the subjects of sin,
The lovers of carnival, lager and gin ;
Here are mimic decanters, glass goblets and bowls,
And clamor, do here, the rum-ruined souls,
And, as leaves of the forest, are swayed by the winds
Of dark desolation.

Here the rumseller finds
Old companions in commerce, rum agents, rum dupes,
Commingled and classed in affinitive groups.

SCENE VII.

THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD.

The scene is changed, down, down, we move,
Biding adieu to life above,
Through subterraneous chambers lead,
Where hosts, with hopeful prospect dead,
Have passed before.
Still downward go,
The spirit torn with pangs of woe,
Until deep caverns, broad and drear,
Before unwilling eyes appear.
Within, are thousands, multiplied,
All grouped in clans on either side,
And now, as on a marble floor,
We pause—
On either hand a door
Or portal to some dark retreat,—
Our presence untold thousands greets.

With gloomy cheer and saddened tone,
And in a narrow nitch alone,
Must stand and listen to the strains
Which give the spirit chilling pains.
When at the left a band appears,
To utter to unwilling ears,
The cause of all these ills, and why
So many fall so low, from high
Positions occupied on earth,—
And whence these sorrows had their birth.
When all is silent they begin
Their prologue, and to tell how sin
Had wrought these sad results.
And now,
With mock address, and ill feigned bow,
In their own manner :
"Welcome home,
Thou chief of all who hither come,
Give kind attention while we state
The causes which these scenes create ;
Also expound those laws of mind
By which men are in clans combined."

CAUSE, MEANS AND END.

" In matter, germs of sense are sown,
In time these are to spirit grown ;
Body and mind the natural field,
Thought and desire the final yield.
United these life's products bring,
From sin indulged our sorrows spring.
The soul matured is the fruit,
Or like the man, or like the brute ;
Deep in the sense spring germs of thought
From which the future soul is wrought.
If thoughts arise from evil source,
And then allowed their natural course,
From which obnoxious products spring,
A host of evils life will bring,
As insects multiply and swarm,
And cause the being to conform
To their preponderating sway ;
Thence drift along the downward way,
And good desires suppress and blight,
To end in an unchanging night.
When Death, the reaper, gathering in

The harvest of the seeds of sin ;
Cast on a sea with barren shore,
To toss on ceaseless waves of death,
To gasp without relieving breath,
To wish to die and yet to live,
And evil feelings breed and thrive,
And life from suffering conscience draw
And drift to that insatiate maw ;
That vast abyss of foul desires,
As fuel for the ceaseless fires ;
Of lust unsatisfied etern,
And in the vast abysm burn
Through epochs of eternity.
And this is the certain destiny
Of all who freely sow the seed
Of evil thoughts and evil greed,
Eternal night, anguish untold,
Desires which never are controlled,
And which unite in endless flame,
Forever and for aye the same ;
Unchanging and unceasing death,
Beneath, and sinking still beneath,
No gleam of light or ray of hope
To raise the sinking spirit up.
One vast distempered, nameless void,
And thus our beings are destroyed ;
No hope, or means of rest, or peace,

These burning thirstings never cease,
And passion on strong passion play,
And nothing can the thirst allay,
Nor check its strong intensity.
Unmeasured and unmeasurable.
Thus souls exist in want's deep hell,
Where no responsive voice is given
To prayer, or wish, or hope of heaven.
The evil-minded here must share
This world of want and dread despair;
Each unto each, with long embrace,
Seek to impart some sweet solace.
Embrace do they, but effort fails
To sate desires, and maddened wails
Burst forth and sweep through cavern walls,
Each soul on each fierce vengeance calls,
And smite do they with angry force,
While curse is multiplied with curse.

They struggle to subdue the fire; —
Incensed, unsatisfied desire;
With frenzied, frantic, strong endeavor;
But though they toil and strive, can never
Thus subdue the flames within—
This heat of passion caused by sin.
Thus souls in burning lust embrace,
The lost of all the human race,

Whose passions have been born of sin,
And here their false embrace begin ;
They drink — but every cup is dry,
For nothing does their wants supply.
They cannot feast from empty board,
And when the soul is torn and gored
By fruitless efforts, born of lust,
And failing as they do and must,
They wrestle on in frenzied strife,
Each seeking each his fellow's life ;
But life is here unending sense —
Unsated want is recompense.

This state created when on earth,
Each vicious thought has here new birth ;
And each here stand on watch as ghosts,
And congregate an haggard host.
Each scene, rumseller, closely view,—
This exhibition is for you.
This congregated host pertain,
To you, and with you, must remain.
These, your attendants, serve you now ;
Advance ! behold the menials bow !
To greet with due respect their host,
And each assume his wonted post.

RUMSELLER.

" But who are those — station and name,
Which in advance a legion came?
And who are these thus moving there?
What office have who thus appear
Arrayed as menials low? Pray tell
Are scenes like these performed in hell?"

You question well, for you should know
Some serve above and some below;
Around, encircling all within,
Each is a passion, thought, or sin
Personified, or work undone,
All as combined, or each alone
Of these attending visages,
Are deeds or evil vagaries,
Or act performed, or base desire.

" Rumseller, come a little higher;
Behold the retinue attending,—
How passions, thoughts, and deeds are blending;
These are thyself and thou art these,—

Have labored long thyself to please.
Thyself in form of passion meet;
Advance and take a higher seat,
Since legions do thy bidding here,
And legions round thy life appear
A vast embodiment, one soul
Doth constitute the nameless whole;
One being, with each thought and deed,
From thoughts and acts they all proceed;
Purpose and deeds all interlinked,
Form one embodiment, distinct.

As atoms in the rock combine,
By nature inwardly incline,—
So thought, and all desires matured,
When to the central thought inured
By laws which all assimilate.
Inhere to that which is innate —
Each an integral part complete;
Cohesion causes to concrete
By integration; thus combine
All atoms which by laws incline
To the conglomerated whole,—
And laws of life thus form the soul.
As atom unto atom join,
And as integral parts combine,
Creating thus the granite — so

Mind and sense and spirit grow,
Thought joined with thought, love with desire,
All which the soul to deeds inspire ;
Affinity unites the whole,
And thus the growth of every soul.

From germs of sense, life's uses bring
The feeble, faltering, thinking thing ;
And as the germs and means employed
To ultimate from blank and void,
This spirit of intelligence,
So is the quality of sense —
If quick'ning power and means of growth
Are vile — so mind and spirit both.

Each thought a mental unit whole ;
Also each act of every soul ;
Each and all in union blent,
Compose the soul's embodiment ;
All thought and done in life's short span —
United, constitute the man.

SCENE VIII.

A figurative temple, constructed of human skeletons ; the walls frescoed with figures representing humanity in the varied forms and attitudes, indicative of profligacy, poverty and wretchedness. This temple epitomizes the great liquor traffic of the world, embracing distillers, venders, and consumers, and resting on humanity bowing low and sustaining the vast system of rum-selling.

Thence was led by a guide down a narrow passway,
And through a deep gorge, o'er a mimic causeway,
Which spanned a dark chasm, and on through a court,
And into a temple where chieftains resort.
Of skeleton beings its walls were composed,
In every conceivable manner disposed.

This temple I saw was the temple of rum,
Within which the Prince had his altar and throne ;—

His courtiers, distillers, rum-sellers, and all,
From keepers of gorgeous saloons, to the "stalls."
It had an high priesthood, and altar, where life
Was offered as sacrifice.
Endless the strife
Of the menials around, when maddened by rum.
Here also was offered as sacrifice, home,
Father, and mother, and children ; and here
The charmer would cause those he charmed to appear
As free offerings. So strange was his power to control,
His subjects would offer both body and soul.

The temple, magnificent, gorgeous, sublime,
Cost legions of beings and ages of time ;
Composed and sustained by the victims of rum,
From the base to the tower and o'er reaching dome.
Within dwelt the Prince, his courtiers and priests,
Who held their perpetual bacchanalian feasts.
In wildest carnival, made off'rings of men,
To the god of their orgies, since liquor has been
Admitted a guest at the opulent board,
And rum by the people as god been adored.

This temple, Prince, charmer, distillers, and those
Who dealt in the poison, united, compose
The bane of the earth, the curse of mankind ;
The tomb of men's morals, the dungeon of mind,

The gateway of death, and the portal of hell,
Where enter the subjects, by legions, to dwell,—
Augment and increase till the world overflows
With the blood of its victims and multiplied woes.

This temple, on shoulders of beings did stand ;
Supported, each column, by the uplifted hands
Of victims, low bent 'neath their burden oppressed,
Weary, care-worn, over burdened, distressed.
In their attitudes clearly expressing strong feeling ;
In every conceivable manner revealing
Depression, debasement, unlimited sorrow,
The cast of their features portraitures of horror.

" Behold," said the chief, " here, men's doings on earth,
All deeds are reflected at the moment of birth,
Every thought to perfection is photographed here ;—
For your personal history your firmness prepare ;
These figures reveal just the work you have done,—
Inscribed on these walls, are your acts, every one,—
All deeds and results, are here firmly impressed ;
Clearly note, for the sorrows you caused are expressed
By the figures so strangely frescoing these walls—
For judgment, rum-seller, each image there calls."

Scan closely those scenes which reveal what has been ;
Note form, look and feature, for some you have seen ;

Observe that bowed female with babe in her arms,
So haggard, distorted, a wreck of true charms;
The keenest of anguish her visage discloses;
At her feet you will notice a cluster of roses
All withered and lifeless. The calyx and leaf
Are emblems of wounded souls, withered with grief;
Of the hearts out of which liquor dealers distill
The aroma, energy, purpose and will.
The rose leaves are scattered, so were all her joys,
As faded and lifeless those leaves, who destroys
The soul, and its prospects,—his features shall fade
In death, and as lifeless his spirit be made.
Unbound all the bonds that unite him with peace,
Exposed to conditions which sorrows increase.

MORAL EQUITY.

This scene, representing two neighborly men,
You can but remember, as well the time when
Both maddened with rum, on a cold stormy night
Were forced from your hall.
Though an unplesant sight,
It is well to minutely examine, and see
What share you performed in the dark tragedy.
As they left your apartments in a wild drunken fray,
Thy cursed, clinched and wrestled, and fell on the way:

Rose again, and proceeding, both staggered along,
While shouting in jargon some rum-inspired song,
Till again for a half empty flask they contend,
Urged on by their frenzy, each wild as a fiend,
Curse and grapple once more — one falls in the fight,—
The living and dead lie together, till light
Reveals to the living the deed he has done.
Half the world now would give, was it his, to atone;
For a moment he looks with a maniac's glare,
At the form of his neighbor and friend lying there.
Cold and dead is his friend, and his own hands imbued
In the blood of his fellow. Shocked, amazed and subdued
He rises to leave, when the bottle he spies,
Which he seizes, and out of his blood-shotten eyes
Oozes tears of half madness and frenzied delight;
The half glass remaining, he holds with his might
In his trembling hands, to guide to his lips:
The bottle nigh empty, he smacks and he sips,
Till the last drop has passed from his flask, and then flings
The now useless article, with an effort that brings
Him on to his knees — when again he beholds
The cold stiffened form of his friend — and he holds,
With quivering fingers, interlocked in his hair,
His temples, and gazes and groans in despair.

The widow and orphan and his family appear
Before his wild vision; and, startled with fear,

He rises and staggers, convulses and reels ;
No language can portray the horror he feels ;
How his soul agonizes for the deed he has done !
Fear now gives him strength, and he sets forth alone
O'er the hills — from the officers of justice he flies.

" Blood ! blood ! be in haste !" the rumseller cries,
While the people unite and for vengeance proclaim,
And the laws of the nation re-echo the same.

In the great coming judgment where all must appear,
Will he be condemned ?
Be attentive ! Look there !
Behold those cross-timbers, that coffin and shroud !
To the law of the land the hunted has bowed.
That record please note on the wall — the decree —
" Found guilty of murder in the highest degree !
You wrote that as foreman ; read there ! do you see ?
Your name heads the list. It was by your own pen
With which you inscribed your own name there and then ;
Was first to respond to the officer's call :
Of " guilty or not, sir ?"
And this is not all ;—
You proudly proclaimed that you held in control
The minds of the jurors ; held them until all
Complied with your views and decided the case.

No marvel the crimson envelopes your face!
Moreover you then taught your children to shun
The orphans of those whom your rum had undone.
Read the verdict again — "It is guilty."
He died
On the gallows a culprit; nor did you provide
For the widows of either the victims who fell
By means of your traffic—(give ear while I tell:)
You saw them in poverty, rags, and dejected.

Hold! I exclaimed; I had never expected
A charge of this kind, nor to be here derided,
Because as a juror I justly decided
The criminal guilty. The case being clear,
Why am I impeached for that verdict and here?

"But who was the guilty one — who slew the man?
You provided the poison that maddened them; can
You not discover who was guilty, in fact?
In this world, remember, the *cause* of the act
Discloses itself, and blind agents are clear,
Of the consequence wrought when the facts all appear.

Those neighbors were quiet and long had been friends,
Were sober and upright — wrought for honorable ends,
Till by license you opened your whisky retreat.
In your bower, when weary, you gave them a seat;

By your kindly demeanor, as a means of your trade,
You won their respect and thus easily made
Rum consumers of both, and the lowest degree.
The cause of the crime you cannot fail to see ;
You furnished the liquor — gave freely at first —
And thus by design you created a thirst
For the beverage thus given — the consequent end
Is seen in the sequel — friend murdered by friend ;
Are you not involved ? not truly at fault ?
Their brain *you* assaulted — they closed the assault.

You moved as first mover in the tragedy played ;
You guided the brain which was finally made
The proximate agent to close up the scene.
Your gift was the first ; many acts passed between
Your gift and the last — the gallows-closed act ;
Was you not the cause ? — not guilty, in fact ?
Who leads in the scene, is the *cause* of the deed ;
In justice found guilty, blind agents are freed
From the curse of the law, though may deal the last blow,
Because it was done when the *mind could not know.*
What constitutes murder ? Malice, forethought or gain,
Were neither the cause why the one man had slain
His neighbor and friend,—but *rum* was the cause,
And you sold the rum, and therefore you was
The prime actor, for no one intended to slay
The being who fell in the wild drunken fray.

A design lay still deeper — it was rum-selling *gain*,
That prompted the habit through which he was slain.
Did you not deal out to those kind hearted men
The means of their ruin? Who wrought the deed then?

ILLUSTRATION.

The forces of nature in the sphere of their rest,
Are as harmless as love in a fond mother's breast;
But deranged, over balanced, their equipoise lost,
They rise in their might and the huge billows tost
As a toy to and fro; and the gale that ensues,
As a god in his rage, with a tempest pursues
The fast fleeing winds, and the world stands aghast,
And the beasts seek a covert till the tempest is past.
The powers of the gale are the elements combined,
Whose force is evolved in the on rushing wind.
But these never waken a tempest alone,—
By causes extrinsic their prompting is done;
Equilibrium is lost by some power overcharged,
Whose sphere by expansion is disturbed or enlarged,
By means which the inherent forces excites,
And which with the on rushing tempest unites,
Increasing vehemence, expansion and force,
Which nothing can check or deter from its course,

Enveloping its might, with the vapors induced,
By the powers disturbed or combustion produced.
This vapory chariot the tempest provides,
In which the storm-king with his magazine rides ;
Triumphing o'er all by the might of the gale —
In the storm-cloud concealed are the powers that prevail
Not as cause but effect.
It is thus with the mind.
Undisturbed it is calm, and to quiet inclined,
Pursuing its course as designed by the cause ;
Controlled by the presence of inherent laws.
But passion excited enlarges its sphere,
And as monarch, at will, all the senses o'erbear ;
Sets at war all the functions of being, and thence
A tempest ensues as a sure consequence.

The essence of fruits which distillers distill,
Inflame all the functions of life ; and the will
When madly inspired, as madly obeys
The promptings of alcohol ; and fearfully sways
The soul's attributes, and a tempest succeeds
On its frenzied career, which pauses nor heeds
The feeble attempts of the sense to restrain,
And thus in rum-madness the victim is slain.

Was the cause, not the minds, that distilled from the vine
The means of the tempest, with the dealers combined,

Who convey from the vintage this agent of wrath?
The effect was the victim who was caught in the path
Of the one moving gale, by the one being borne
To the final results. This agent was shorne
Of all self-control, and as the tempest-urged cloud
Rushed forth in the fury of wrath, the man bowed,
Broken and slain by this rum-maddened mind;
Thus cause, and the means, and results were combined.

The first cause was the intellect, deliberate, sane;
The ultimate means was the inebriate, insane;
Reduced to that state by the liquor imbibed,
And the dealer, intermediate agent, prescribed,
Dealt the portion that maddened, well knowing itspower.
He stood in his manhood and dealt from the tower
Of strength and composure; -- the inebriate came
With intellect weakened, idiotic and tame;
He asked and received — rum set him on fire!
He left in his madness,—a word roused his ire!
No longer half-idiot and docile, his soul
Was fuseing and flaming —- rum had the control;
And as clouds are hurled forth by the tempest, he flew
At his now supposed foe whom he conquered and slew.

CONSCIENCE A DART.

Before from this temple of rum you depart,
Learn the nature and use of this sensitive dart,
Which may often afflict you, though fashioned and given
To indicate right and the true way to heaven.
As a means of defence, it was also designed,
To ward away foes from the precincts of mind ;
As well all opposers of truth who are found
In the temple of morals, and thence to be bound
By the power of will. But you cast it aside,
And did not its kind admonitions abide ;
Neglected its compass-like movements, and when
Your soul in most imminent peril has been,
Its earnest monitions you did not obey.
It was formed a most sensitive needle to play
On the pivot of instinct, to traverse the mind,
A true moral compass, as the author designed ;
To give to the being correct indication
When the soul-craft was sailing the sea of probation,
Was afloat, tempest-tost, on the billows of life ;
When the contra-gale rose in the soul's moral strife,
To guide to his haven the mariner, and

Enable the judgment to hold in command
The fleet of the spirit — the passions control
Till the soul should arrive in the heavenly goal,
And with sanctified conscience the Creator adore.
Who neglect it in life here their folly deplore ;
It will sting to the quick, pierce the soul's keenest sense,
And this is the ill-doers sad recompense.

Move onward, rum-seller, with vigilant care,
And as to the great exhibition repair,
Beware of the ghouls, the wild genii of sin,
Who may rise from the gloom and their orgies begin,—
Their carnal ovations in this woe-smitten world.

Hold this flag in your hand as it is now unfurled,
It is the true ensign of your cherished craft;
As you pass down the channel the breezes will waft
You onward.
Arise ! and with vigor proceed
To the final retreat — hence, no pilot may need,
For the drift of perverted, indulged inclination
Will be quite sufficient.
Your own coronation
Awaits your arrival. Proceed to the scene —
The soul's exhibition of rum-selling men !

When this change was concluded I heard a strange voice

As echoing out of the gloom at my right:
"Arise and proceed to the scenes of your choiçe,
To repeat o'er and o'er in the shadows of night,
The deeds of the past. Keep that dart from your breast."
But rising it pierced me, and being distressed,
I paused to examine, when the scenes on the wall,
As beings of sense appeared, each one and all,
To confront me in manner intensely severe;
Transforming each act to an object of fear.
As ghostly accusers those figures I saw,
Representing the power of a just moral law;
Their presence bewildered, the sequel seemed near,
As my future appeared to my consciousness clear;
The past was reflected, the present I knew,
And the final results were most painful to view.

I endeavored to move with a dread on my soul,
Believing my journey would end in the goal,
Where hope never entered, nor mercy appeared,
Where dwelt the most hardened, with conscience well seared;
When I felt sudden pain, and seeking the cause,
I saw a foul monster with hideous claws,
Griping its talons, with masterly strength,
In my heart, and I labored to drive the thing hence.
On its brows I saw written,
"A live recompense
For the one who regards neither justice nor right;"

His eyes were illumined with dazzling light ;
The dart I received from the judge at the court,
I aimed at the creature, and tried to exert
A strength superhuman, to loosen his hold ;
But the creature, with ease, all my efforts controlled ;
The dart it averted, and having control,
It pierced my own spirit and wounded my soul.
The creature which grasped me, as I soon perceived,
Was anguish of conscience, and with heart unrelieved
I moved down the passage alone and unguided,
Till a voice from the distance said :—
" Means are provided
To bear you on hence to the rumseller's goal ;
Subject all your powers to another's control."

A visage then seized me and bore me along,
Saying, " Over these waters rumsellers belong."
Then led to a craft that was moored very near,
Remarking, " Step in and indulge in no fear."
With a final adieu, set the frail craft adrift,—
Dejected, disabled and helpless was left
Alone on the waves of the dreary death sea,
Descending through gloom to my hard destiny.

As I drift along on the slow moving tide
I heard a strange voice say :
" How calmly you ride !
Dost thou not discover the drift of the wave ?

Change your course, and at once, if your bark you would
save
From the cataract near you. Turn, turn to the right,
Apply the oar quickly, and apply it with might!"

"Hold! hold!" cried another from the waves at the lea,
"No stranger can manage his craft in this sea.
Your bark is aleak—a gale is at hand—
Cast ballast in haste—set your sails for the land."

Here a being approached me, who, walking the waves,
Stepped aboard of my craft, saying:
"Here are the graves,
Or in this dark sea, quite as deep as 'tis wide—
Whose tempests few barks from the world can outride—
Oft founder these crafts, set adrift by that goul,
Who I saw bid you enter this craft of the soul;
Who set you adrift, as for ages, has those
Who alone in that cavernous region expose
Themselves unprotected."
"Shall I guide to the shore?"
"If thou canst, I beseech, I pray, I implore!"

Safely moored, the bright being arose on the air,
Kindly saying: "For many sad trials prepare;
Many scenes you will witness are painful to view:—
We will soon meet again; for a season, adieu."
The figure departed, overcome and amazed,
Again on the wife of my victim I gazed.

SCENE IX.

THE GOAL.

A deep and broad arena in form of an amphitheatre; a section representing an Orchestra, in the rear of which is a richly supplied and highly decorated Bar. Behind this bar is standing a somewhat dignified monitor. On either side, a trio of successful Distillers; before the bar a Moderate Drinker tempting a youth with a glass of wine; then a political demagogue, bloated visage, boisterous. A voter by his side, about pledging for a glass of ale, to vote for his candidate. A dealer in lager and liquors generally. A candidate handing money and ballots to the demagogue for use during election. The acts in this vast cathedral, consist in rehearsing the scenes of life. Each actor is drawn from the multitude, and each is selected to perform some special part. Some representing the youth being tempted; some the tempter, etc. The "Rumseller" having arrived, is welcomed by the occupants of the arena, and crowned as a chieftain with a tiara composed of heart imitations, and so constructed as to throb and convulse in imitation of the feelings of the sufferers in time. On his breast, for a badge of honor, is represented a ruined family in the agonies of despair. This scene opens with an election in a country town, where are advocates of temperance, anti-temperance, the inebriate, and the temperate drinker — the main question of the day being, "License or no License."

At the left of the Orchestra, appear a group who repeat a political harangue, urging the voters to sustain rum-selling. At the right, an individual advocate of the temperance cause, pleads against sustaining liquor selling by law. In a wing of the lower gallery, are many females who have plead in vain for suffrage and who now manifest the deepest interest in the movements below. All arranged the group in favor of rum selling advance, and in an exciting and boisterous manner, repeat the following:

Ye brave, and "would be," independent,
A word before giving your vote:
Of nobleman, each a descendant,
As your visage and manners denote.

We are to give by our vote an expression
Of the spirit, and wisdom, and nerve,
Of people, who by name and profession,
Are too gifted and high born to serve
As bondsmen. Maintain then this freedom,
Be decided, and boldly proclaim
In favor of laws giving license;
Be freemen in fact, as in name.
Dispose of this temperance notion,
Crush it out by your ballots to-day,
Put an end to this useless commotion,
Rout the advocates without delay;
Beware of the temperance ranters
Who are setting their snare for the youth.

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

Beware of the glass and decanter,
Be governed by right and the truth,
Beware of the viper therein,

Like an adder, it stingeth the soul —
Beware of who tempteth to sin,
With his wine in the sparkling bowl,
Who would lead in the highway to ruin,
Conduct you to poverty's door,
Reduce you, demented, to paupers,
Reject and despise you when poor—
When your ruin is rendered complete,
When your hope in this life is depressed ;
When alone, and forlorn and forsaken,
And your soul is o'erwhelmed and distressed.

Remember, young men and be guided,
Be warned by a friend, and refrain ;
Beware of the cup, for its poison
Will give you unbearable pain.
There's a viper concealed in the goblet,
A serpent is coiling therein ;
There's death in the sparkling decoctions,
With the bottle, great sorrows begin.
Beware of the men who entice you
To drink of the cup filled with woe ;
Put an end to the laws giving license,
Deal the Charmer to day a death blow.
Then flee every scene of temptation,
The pit is concealed just beneath ;
The sands upon which you are standing,
Are sliding towards regions of death.

Cast your ballot in favor of temperance,
Never vote for rumselling again ;
Remember young men there is safety
Where temperance and righteousness reign.
Unite with the foes of the Charmer,
And battle rum ramparts to dust,
And bind the old Prince of intemperance
Irreligion, blasphemy and lust.

RUM-SELLING CHIEFTAIN.

Beware of temperance speakers,
Whose object is only to bind
The sons of this mighty republic,
Why sign such a pledge, men of mind.

Be awake to your right,
Save these means of delight,
Nor be fettered by pledges
All noble and free.
Come listen to me,
Yes, who for old license engages ;
Your manhood would suffer indeed,
If bound by a temperance creed.

Come all who have reason and judgment,

Come up to the polls and be men;
Drink freely of life giving liquors,
Gin, bourbon or brandy; and when
You can't control
Your wavering soul,
Then pledge your oath
That you are both
A bondsman and a weakling, too.—
No more a man
And never can
Your taste control as others do.

And your judgment admit is unbalanced,
That you durst not, like freemen of old,
Take a glass with a friend to be social,
Your appetite cannot control.

Away with your temperance pledges
Men of spirit! have nothing to do
With the efforts to nullify license,—
Our forefather's footsteps pursue.
Come, then, to the ballot-box, boys
Rout the ranks of the temperance clan;
A glass to his health who enjoys
Free-will and the freedom of man.

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

Beware of the liquor decoction,
A bond it contains for your will,
And a snare for whoever indulges ;
Also poison the senses to chill.
It will madden the heart, and the passion
Set on fire, and the judgment consume ;
It debases whoever indulges—
Do not on the tempters presume.

DURING THE ELECTION.

The scene was exciting. With wildest commotion
The voters were surging like waves of the ocean,
By counter-winds driven when tossed to and fro ;
Each viewing his neighbor opposing a foe ;
Friends broke their alliance and angry words rose
From the heart overheated.
"When will the polls close ?"
Said a man of commanding appearance.
"Half hour,"
The clerk gave response. "I will test the great power

Of a bit of a "bribe," spake the man who inquired.
"Nay," answered a temperate drinker. "Inspired
By a kind of encouraging word and some rum,
More votes can secure."
"O, deacon, come, come,"

"I can do it assuredly. How many?"
"But few.
Secure them at once and then—"
"What will you do?"
"That town o'er the mountain—"
"Just the place for my son,"
"Secure me those votes or at least procure one."
"My boy, come and vote for old license just once;"
"If I do they will always pronounce me a dunce."
"Never mind, never mind! Do you know what is coming?"
Responded the deacon — his fingers kept drumming.

The rum-selling chieftain then pompously said:
"Young man, turn the scale, and your fortune is made;
I'll establish you in that nice flourishing town,
And in time I will make you a man of renown."
"Will you, sure?" said the youth.
"I will as I live.
You know I do never, can never, deceive;
I desire to control this election to-day
And establish a rum-palace over the way.

Now, here's Alexander, good neighbor you know,
And half the church members vote as he and I do.

One vote I guess lacking, that you can control;"
"I will do it for you if it costs me my soul."
As the youth thus resolved, he remarked a cold shiver
Pervaded his being, and his nerves seemed to quiver,
And a heavy dull vision awoke in his mind.
When he reached forth the ticket, his eyes were so blind
He could scarcely perceive any object, and said,
For a moment regretted a decision thus made.

"Young man," said a veteran in virtue and right,
"Your dealing to-day your existence may blight;
For money and fame your honor have sold —
By that single vote this town is controlled.
That vote changes all of your interest, and cost
Your spirit its peace. A crown of life lost,
It may be, by that single act of to-day —
I beseech you, consider this subject."
"O, say,"
Said a temperate drinker, "that was a close run;
The law is sustained by one vote. Only one
Changing the scale. O, where is that soul
With courage sufficient to act, to control
A town, yes — a people?"
"But was there no bribe?"
"Pass along, pass along! you're too dead to imbibe

A sentiment worthy the name of a man.
You have fought us to-day, but your temperance clan
Are done for, remember."
" That youth too is lost.
He cast that one vote at a terrible cost ;
I know not the bribe, sir, but this I do know :
He was firm for " no license " not half hour ago.
Mark his life — notice well — most unfortunate turn,
For this single act he may suffer, may mourn ;
And the man who enticed him, this dark deed will rue."
The briber approaching, said :
" What's that to you ?
I am free to confess that I purchased that vote ;
And for it will bring that young man into note ;
I have money and power — " yes," (shaking his purse.)

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

" You have ruined a man and heaven may curse
Your soul for the deed. I pity his wife
Henceforth, for I know that a most wretched life
Is before her."
" Why so ? have you lost all your sense ? "
" That youth is bewildered with liquor now—hence
I infer he was drugged to secure his vote, and

Henceforth at the bar of rum dealers will stand,—
And the bribe, but a promise, his vote to secure ;
For this you will suffer while senses endure.
Mark well my prediction,—that home over there
You will purchase for rum, and the wife in despair
Will sink to the grave. You have ruined the whole
Of that family group, for rum will control,
Hereafter, that youth, and his future decide.
The horrid results, sir, your soul must abide.

(*The young man intoxicated leaves for home.*)

" Look, sir, see the fruit of your labor so soon,
You 've put out his sun ere it reached its high noon,—
Life's light is declining,—remember, remember,
You have changed in one act, May into December."

THE RABBLE SING.

All hail to the cause now victorious,
Success has attended our toil ;
The triumph, a victory most glorious,—
Walk up, boys, and gather the spoil.
Here's honor to noble rum-sellers,
To the temperate drinkers also ;
Our victory to-day,—what a blessing !
Reveals what rum-dealers can do.

We have learned, to our joy, who our friends are,
Support the rum-sellers, we will,
And gather around the decanter,
Bless all who fine liquors distill.

Shout, boys, with spirit and power,
Rum triumphed to-day at the polls,
By the aid of our temperate drinkers,
The bottle, the ballot controls,
And license is still to be granted,
Then pour out the lager and rum.

RUMSELLER AT HIS BAR.

"All in vain have the foes of rum ranted,
To the bar, then, who aided us, come,
The temperance howlers are conquered,—
Have met with their merited doom;
All praise to the temperate drinkers,
And the chiefs of the rum-selling clan,
The victory was won by free thinkers,
Sustained by the temperate man.
Go herald our rum-given blessings,—
Bless distillers of brandy and gin;
Go tell how political mixtures
By the whisky-bought ballot can win."

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

— —

Proclaim how the people deluded,
Stand guard over bottle and jug ;
How they whimper and gabble, and giggle,
How they shiver and stagger, and shrug.
How they toil to support one another,
How they swagger and jumble and clan,
How lean against elbow and shoulder,
How the brute is revealed in the man.
How embrace in their drunken affection,
Then grumble, sing ditties and howl,
Then droop in their nervous dejection,
Cast up their accounts with a scowl.

(*Day after Election.*)

How they crowd in the morning, the portal
Of the temple of Bacchus and rum,
And sighingly gaze on each other,
And long for the dealer to come.
See them rush, when the door is unbolted,
And swings wide ajar on the hinge ;
See them crowd round the bar altogether,
Little caring upon whom they infringe.

The spendthrift, the sponge and the beggar,
All mixed without order or class,
Some shouting out whisky, some lager,
At a gulp each one empties a glass.

How the countenance reddens and brightens,
How the eye changes color and tone,
And their nerves, how a good dram will lighten,
As they stand round the rum-dealer's throne.
The good and the bad were together
At the polls in a mass, yesterday,
And the drunken caressed by the sober,
Who are absent, take notice, to-day,
The victors, you see, have forsaken
The tools of their plotting designs ;
To their homes now themselves they have taken
In private to sip down their wine,
And the whisky-made dupes are forgotten,
Who as angels, were met at the polls,
Unnamed are to-day and despised,
Or denounced, as they are, silly tools ;
While those who controlled them while voting,
Are away with their petted at rest,
And these poor, despised and dejected,
Are their sport and the butt of their jest.

AFTER THE SECOND GLASS.

At the bar of victorious rumsellers,
They have passed round the bowl, and indulged
Until each is at war with his neighbor;
And thus is most clearly divulged,
The curse of this law-granting license,
The curse of the use of the glass;
One glance at the rum-maddened rabble,
Reveals them a rum-ruined mass.

AFTER THE THIRD GLASS.

A ham, and a hawk, and a shudder,
A scowl and an idiot grin,
A rattle of tumblers and bottles,
And the orgies of Satan begin;
The stamping and clatter and jingle,
The bottle and tumbler and change,
The brawl and the curse and the beating,
And hitting of all in their range.
The shout and the blow and blood-letting;

The groan and the swoon and the sigh,
Are wrought by the dealers in poison,
These venders of essence of rye.

(*Their families appear on the scene.*)

See the child of the lost and demented,
In its homeless and pitiless state;
With its hope-fallen spirits and anguish,
And trials which may not abate;—
The cloud overhanging the spirit,
Its solitude, dreary and cold;
Known only to children thus ruined,
Whose anguish can never be told.

And the cause of their premature sorrow—
This wretched life, hopeless and drear,
Is traced to the vender of poison,
Who bids the child never good cheer;
But *his* children are clad in fine fabric,
Bright gems and rich raiments adorn
The wife and the mother, from treasures
Which from the depressed he hath shorn;
And his household instructed that paupers,—
The children of drunkards, are not
To grade with his own petted darlings,
Who are far above those of a sot.

So heralded to mortals the sequel,
The tragical end of that crew,
We saw at the counter and drinking
When this scene first appeared to our view.
In youth they were jolly and peaceful,
Were happy and innocent boys ;
Only met for diversion — were social,
Met, drank, and returned without noise.
Were bound by their fraternal feelings,
Arising from innocent play,
But were led by the laws of seduction,
To the scenes of this drunken display.
Once friends, firm in youthful devotion,
Deceived by a fiend in disguise,
Were led to debauchery and ruin,
By means of Rum-seller's devise.

And the dealers, who dealt out the poison,
Who lured them, with skill unperceived,
To the habits, so low and degrading,
Through their ruin his purpose achieved ;
Now scoff while their victim's lamenting,—
The woe stricken drunkard derides,—
With the air of the pompous and favored,
Turns in scorn and away from him strides.
Who reels his way homeward, and falling
At the door of his miserable hut,
With oath upon oath soon is calling

His wife a vile slattern, a slut.
When a groan from within doors awakens
New feelings, and conscience now stings
His soul. And renewing his curses,
He rises and seizes, and flings,
Whatever his drunken hand grasps,—
Its aim is unerring and fatal,—
"Have mercy!" the dying wife gasps.
And this is a part of the sequel,—
The end of one scene in the play,
Wrought out by the aid of the temperate,
At the ballot, that notable day.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

As the briber reclined in his favorite chair
At home in his palace, the first time a fear
Aroused his dull mind.
"Suppose it should be
As these temperance people predict? Let me see,—
One man and his family ruined by me."

"A thousand; yes, ten times one thousand and more,"
Said his wife. She had thought of the sequel before.
"For every bright jewel, or gewgaw I wear,
I imagine some woman, may be by the bier

Of a husband, my husband's rum dealing hath slain.
And in earnest, my dear, to express my thoughts plain,
I fear Heaven's judgment will rest upon all
Rum dealers."
"Hark! List to that sigh in the hall."
The husband rose quickly and at the door met
The wife of his victim, her cheek with tears wet.

"O, sir, we are ruined! Do not keep him there,
The place is so dreadful. O, I'm in despair!
In prison! O, sir, do release him, I pray!
This ring of mine take and keep till I pay
You all; will you please! O, do sir; O, do!"
And the wife left the rich man, her heart crushed with woe.

(*Returning to his wife.*)

"This ring, dear, a "brilliant," I have watched as my prize—
It will just suit our Mary, I see her bright eyes,
How they sparkle, my dear, as she puts on the ring"—
Thus said, much elated, the rum-selling king.
But the wife was in spirits and thought the reverse:—
"That ring my dear husband, brings with it a curse,
Deep, dark and most terrible. What did the ring cost?
You purchased one vote the seller has lost
Manhood and honor, life, liberty, all—
The curse you may look for, for justice will call—

The price of that vote, it may cost him his soul.
In a town for a season it gave you control,
His home is now yours—his wife in that shed,
In that gorge o'er the river—her husband is dead,
Or worse, for in prison, placed there by the one
Who purchased his vote."

"How could you have done
This last deed, dear husband? In prison thus cast
Your victim to suffer? This dread act will blast
You and all yours. Hell's gates seem ajar.
You are rushing us all to that horrid place, where
We shall meet those afflicted. What did that man do
That he should thus suffer, and suffer by you?
You gave him your pledge to bring him to note—
Establish his business—he gave you his vote.

His home you possess—his wife's jewels you have—
For a vote you have plunged that whole group in a grave
More desolate, far, than a niche in a tomb.
Dear husband, I fear—O, the judgment must come!
God reigns in the Heavens—his judgments are right
That vote bought by you, his existence did blight.
One vote gave you power for a season, my dear,
And a home in the regions of darkness, I fear.
Return the ring quickly, I pray, I implore,
I hope you will never, my dear, wear it more;

When Mary declined to accept it, I prayed
That you might return it, but harshly you said:
You had long had that ring in your "covetous" eyes,
Had played and had won, and would now hold the prize.

After a pause.

"What is this so awakens my spirit?
What is it I seem to behold?
Lord, grant that we may not inherit—
By what is my vision controlled?
For, out of the depths I see rising
A multitude—and without number
The truth there's no means of disguising;—
O, why do poor mortals thus slumber.

We have lived on the labor of others,
We have hoarded their earnings—not ours,—
We all should live aiding each other;
O! I choose not to share in the dowers
That justice begets to those dealing
Out death to the feebler class!
O'er my spirit most strangely is stealing
A presentiment.
What a strange glass,
Or goblet, I now see you taking.
Is it fire? I am crazed at the sight.
What a future—can it be—you are making,

I *must* close the sad scene from my sight;
But I cannot evade the impression,—
A something so strange to me, dear;—
O! the fearful results of rum-selling!
But another scene—husband, do hear:—
I behold in the future a region
Of glory, and beauty, and light;
And another, O, spare me, where legions
Are doomed to an unbroken night.
O, God, spare my spirit the sequel!
Only think what that single vote cost—
But one scene on earth was its equal,
And that—when bright Eden was lost.
That deed hurled the race out of Eden;
This sanctions soul-killing by law;
Out of Eden for that they were driven,
For this deed hell opens her maw.
Death reigns in those horrible caverns,
And sin keeps a wide open door—
Saloons, yes, and gross, whisky taverns;
And a legion of licensed dens lower.

Law shields the rum-seller, while dealing
Out that which so many destroy;
The truth there's no mode of concealing,
O, why will the people employ
Such means, to support evil doing,

Protect him who murders by rum?
As sure as God reigns, we are going,
I fear to some terrible doom."

SCENE X.

Rumsellers, distillers, and a class of leading men in the lower order of political maneuvering now appear. All are presented with a glass or goblet seemingly composed of some molten substance the contents of which at times appear fusing and foaming over the brim. Each goblet reveals the individual life of the holder by the varied kaleidoscope changes of its form and contents. As the scenes of life and their results are revealed to the party holding the goblet, they are also reflected upon the wall and in a stereoscopic form of changing and dissolving views are witnessed by all there assembled. At the opening of the scene a goblet is presented.

PRESENTING THE GOBLET.

"This goblet, thou chieftain is ready for you,
It is a reflector, and will bring to your view
Life's deeds and results, causing all to appear
In form, as will soon be made manifest here.
Each one has a goblet his own hand prepared,
Reflecting those doings in which he once shared,
A mirror of marvelous nature and cost,
Revealing what gained by life labors—what lost.

It is self-hood disclosing its nature and will,
With its varied reflections, your consciousness thrill.
Its contents, immortal,—an animate bowl,
The vintage of sorrow pressed out of the soul
By the hand of affliction, the grapple of woe,
The wine of distress, and the heart's overflow
Of anguish most bitter, fear, dread, and despair,—
The loss of all treasures that man may hold dear.
These sensitive globules, the grief-distill'd tears
Of those who have suffered, through dark, dreary years
Of bondage, oppression—the wants of the poor ;—
Those figures now rising, you've oft seen before.

" These flames representing the mourner's sad sighs,
Were born of affliction ; these contents comprise
The sum of misfortune, rumselling has brought
Upon man, and by which the soul's mirrors are wrought ;
Revealing the spirit, its true moral state,
The motives—in purpose—for motives create,
Through executive powers, these goblets, and here
They are brought into use, revealing most clear
His life and its issues, who fashioned and made
This image reflector—its nature and grade.
The cup and its contents, through figures, display
Before all beholders, the passions, their sway—
The moral of innermost thoughts and designs :
Here cause and effect, past and present, combine,

All disclosed by the goblet, appears on the wall,
In prominent figures, revealing to all
The deeds and effects, and the sufferers, too,
In all their distress. Thus pass in review
Human life in its varying form and degrees ;
And this is the dealer's self-wrought destiny."

(*Rumseller.*)

The bowl appeared to me a circling flame,
With a crucible base, whence the figures all came,
A glowing reflector, and in which appeared
An image of all things in which I had shared ;
A wreathe of white flashes encircled the rim,
And the contents all seething, rose up to the brim,
Where the high heated globules were bursting, and then
Appeared ghastly figures of rum-ruined men.
The flames caused by bursting the globules below,
Encircled the bowl with a mirror-like glow,
Over-arching the whole with the prismatic hues,
Whose fast interchangings, reflected the views ;
As the goblet revolved those changes were wrought,
And into full form varying images brought.

As the monitor held this strange goblet, he said,
" What a future of sorrow rumsellers have made ?
Those globules you note, are the ' bottled up tears,'
Expressed from the victims through many sad years."
He firmly then urged me to drink from the cup ;

To sip, and keep sipping, till all was drinked up ;
And he placed in my hand the goblet of fire,
Disregarding my earnest, despairing desire,
To refrain from the touch of the mystical flame.
I asked him to give the decoction a name,
When I saw myself rising in haughty disdain ;
All my actions, and manners, and life, revealed plain.
Aghast at the scenes that overwhelmed my soul,
I grasped in wild frenzy the marvelous bowl ;
Was startled, beholding the visages there,
The rum-ruined struggling for life in despair ;
Saw many there brought to destruction by me,—
Saw the wife of one, bowed on her suppliant knee ;
Around her, her husband and children,
" O, spare ! "

I heard her repeat, " O, husband, do care
For yourself,—for your wife, and your children, desist ;
The effect of these trials I cannot resist.
These children need succor, have pity on me
Dear husband, consider, O, do you not see
My youth has departed, my eyes growing dim,
The cup of my sorrow is full to the brim ;
My spirit is pining for what I once shared,
A husband's protection, a husband's regard ;
For the look of affection, so tender and free,
Have pity, dear husband, have pity on me.

These trials continued, my spirit is crushing,
The pain of my heart to my weak brain is rushing
The hot fevered blood, which is foaming and surging:
The waves of affliction, my being submerging.
This unceasing conflict, my strength undermining,
And my fortitude, dearest, is sinking, declining;
My mind is distracted, my senses now reel,
How I wish I could tell you the anguish I feel.
O, do be entreated, please listen, and break
The charm of the Charmer. Please, do, for my sake—
For the sake of your children, for the sake of yourself,
Leave the sparkling delusion on the rum-seller's shelf.

(*Husband moves as if to leave her.*)

Remain with us, darling, don't leave us to-night,
Don't leave us so wretched—your presence, so bright,
Is life to us, ever.
O God! Has he gone!
And left me while pleading, to die here alone!
My strength is fast failing, my sense giving way,
Have mercy, dear Saviour, have mercy, I pray.
And thus she continued her sorrowful prayer:
"Redeemer of sinners, wilt thou not prepare,
By the means of thy grace, for the kingdom of heaven,
My husband, and children, thou has to me given.
In mercy protect them, accept them as thine,
Redeem from all sin, by thy love all divine—
The erring one, Saviour, in compassion regard!
From results of his folly, Lord, let him be spared.

" How could they decoy him, so good as he was—
Thou author of being! O was it because
I failed in my duty? Was ever remiss
In expression of love? Have I caused him distress,
And wrought this estrangement? Prepared him for those
Who have multiplied evils, have multiplied woes?

" Our family broken, deranged and distressed
Where love has presided, and kind hearts caressed.
Desolation, I read on his sorrowing brow—
He yield to depression, alas! even now
His features dejected, so haggard and worn—
Why was it? How was it? How could they have torn
From home and home pleasures, so good and so kind,
So noble in spirit, so upright in mind?
A tear for the suffering, a sigh for the poor,
Who were never repelled by a frown from his door.
Upon his sound judgment I ever relied;
His counsels of wisdom could safely abide.
They surely have drugged him, have weakened his mind,
Induced by the vilest of plottings combined;
Professing great friendship, his confidence won,
And thus, and thus only, the mischief have done.

" If ruined for earth, O, Father, prepare
His spirit for heaven; and may we meet there
In the kingdom of glory, that great by and by,

To share in the blessings, so peaceful, on high,
A family unbroken, in glory to range,
Where the vender of evil can never estrange
The heart of the father, the husband, and friend;
Where a union of spirit can come to no end.
O there, holy Father, may our family be joined,
As pure as the seraph, with sanctified mind,
There may I, dear Saviour, meet husband and child
Redeemed from all evil, with hearts unbeguiled,
That world may we enter, forever to rest—
O there may we meet with the sanctified blest."

The cup turned again, and in pure light appeared
The scenes of my youth as when home comforts shared,
As before, from the habits of virtue was lured,
Or to schemes of ambition my mind was annured.
Multiplied were the scenes as the strange goblet rolled
And exciting the views that each turn would unfold—
Views which all the deeds of my life would disclose,
And minutely all secret designing expose.
There appeared my kind mother, regarding with care
Her babes, and to heaven was offering her prayer.
That mother! I saw her, as seen when a child—
When my own heart was innocent, pure, unbeguiled;
My father, then, happy, and nobly appearing—
Kind and affectionate, tender and cheering.
Would to God I had died in that mother's embrace,
Had never then entered this unholy place.

Those scenes as reflected, appeared on the wall
In earnest expression, and witnessed by all.
As gales move the forest, the legions were swayed,
And wrought to a tempest by the scenes thus displayed.
As long suppressed winds rush from caverns below,
And billows unchained, with o'erwhelming force flow,
In like manner burst from the heart of that throng,
A wail of deep feeling, loud, earnest and long.

That view of lost virtue, all present, oppressed,
And in manner most frightful, the legions expressed
Their anguish, contrasting conditions as then—
Full well did they know they were self-ruined men ;
And knowing it, uttered their soul 'whelming wail
Because they let pride and ambition prevail.

The scenes of the youth into shadows withdrew,
Succeeded by those quite as painful to view ;
That period in which was disclosed their young strife
Till vice o'ercome virtue, giving cast to their life—
Where the highways of being diverged either way,
Where tempters beset them, and led them astray.

The scene in the goblet, the scene on the wall,
Revealed their temptation, their yielding, their fall,
And a look of dismay overshadowed the throng,
As they read by the figures the right and the wrong.

A change of the goblet and the dens of the vile
Appeared, also dealers, who boasted their spoils,
Their wealth which accrued from their traffic in gin;
Then, men all besotted—the fruit of their sin.
The evil they wrought upon body and mind,
The misery they caused to the race of mankind;
Here, cause and effect the observers all saw
And the final effects of an unchanging law—
Each being creating in life his own doom,
Each wrought for his spirit this nethermost gloom.

SCENE XI.

All is silent again. A gloomy shadow gathers over all. Nothing heard but the distant roar of the underground sea. When appears on the scene the inebriate and his dying wife, with their children, in attitudes representing keenest distress. The wife with her death-palsied arms around her husband's neck, is gazing up in his face, saying:

"Dear husband, author of my anxious care,
Who taught me love by manly tenderness,
Will thou not listen to my grief-wrought prayer—
Console me in my hopeless wretchedness?
I am, my dear, most painfully distressed—
My heart is bleeding, I am sad and worn;
O husband, give my sorrowing spirit rest—
These trials, dear, are heavy to be borne.
I fear thou dost not see the evil done—
More fatal far than thou dost comprehend.
Day unto day in solitude I moan,
O can I not on thy kind heart depend?
Hoping 'gainst hope have wept, and watched and prayed;
To God have offered all my soul, in grief—

Have waited, hoping that the tide be stayed;
Thou, dearest, thou alone, canst give relief.
'Tis thine to crush and consummate in death,
Or thine to raise this pall of solemn gloom,
O, while I plead with feeble, faltering breath,
Come home, my dear, to my sad heart, come home.
Restore those joys so holy, we once shared,
The solace of pure love, my heart's delight.
Why, tell me, husband, am I now debarred
Thy tender care? O, why this deadly blight?
Why hangs this doleful gloom around us, love,
This solemn sadness, husband, tell me why?
O, wilt thou not this pall of death remove?
Near thy kind heart, O let me nestling lie—
To live as now, 'twere better far to die.
Thy tender care I need, dost hear me, dear?
Thy fond caress—I languish for it, love;
Am sad and lonely, when thou art not near,
I moan as restless as an exiled dove,
Whose mate has fallen by some cruel hand,
When storms are raging, and alone it strays
On barren wastes, along some desert strand.
Hast thou not heard the lone dove's mournful lays,
So sadly cooing, hovering, chill and drear,
Till drooping plumage, drooping form unshields,
And in its helplessness the darkness fears?
Canst thou imagine how that lone dove feels?

As that lone one behold thy pleading wife,
Shorn of her mate, love, care, companionship,
Alone contending in this world's hard strife.
Give answer, dear.
O, let me press thy lip,
And share once more the pleasures of thy love!
Here on thy bosom, fondly, once again
My drooping head would rest in peace, and prove
Thy heart and faith and tenderness the same.

O, why this cold unwelcome? Is it rum?
Do not forsake me, I intend no harm.
To thy fond bosom, dearest, let me come—
Shield me, O, shield me, with thy manly arm.
How could the cruel and besotted clan
So steel thy heart, and hold in bonds thy will,
Bewilder and benumb the nobler traits of man?
How could they, dear, thy warm affections chill?
Our hearts were once the happy twain—in one
Pure current, love was gently, sweetly flowing.
Who or what, my precious, hath this mischief done?
On what, my dear, art my lost love bestowing?
Thou art not false to me, my pure and noble,
Heart of my heart—the genial life of love?
There are devices born of minds ignoble,
And men who fain would wound the nestling dove
Of holy, pure and heaven born affection,

With cruel hands would wrench from blending hearts
The sacred treasure—give a false direction
To love's out-flowing, and with poisoned darts
Would pierce the soul of love—would rend asunder
Hallowed spirits, hovering near the heavenly throne,—
The sanctuary of the soul would plunder,
Transform kind natures into adamantine stone.
I charge thee never of designing ill—
Thy nature better far, I understand,
Some enemy with purpose to fulfill,
On unseen rocks, have sought thy life to strand.
O, tell me, dearest, while my arms entwine
So earnestly and trembling round thy neck,
Tell me the reason of this chill of thine—
What false, alluring light has caused this wreck?

O, cast me not away! Do let my arms enfold
Thy form once more. Thy look so stern and cold
Benumbs my soul, and leaves me void of hope—
Some power averse to happiness prevails—
Some power with which no pleading wife can cope,
The sacred altar of our love assails.

O, God! Are all his moral senses dead?
Have rum-wrought ghosts that o'er the fallen brood
Changed his whole soul? My heart is filled with dread.
Have mercy, thou who art the mourner's God!

O, must I yield him, must that Charm destroy
All hope in life and seal his soul in death ?
God of redemption, some potent means employ
To rescue him. Aid, while with faltering breath
I breathe one prayer for him I so adore.
Hear thou, my Saviour, hear thou my dying prayer,
Pause, Death, that I may lisp his name once more.
Eternal God, O take him in thy care,
Save him, save him, Lord, save him, I implore!

SCENE XII.

The scene changes. The bewildered rum-distracted husband is seen rushing to a saloon, and in wild frenzy calls:

"Give me whisky,
Whisky, whisky;
Anything that can benumb me,
Wife may die
Never can I
Hear her pleading—
Heavens, how it cut my spirit.
How she loves me,
Yes, adores me,
How her tears were dripping,
Tears were dripping, dripping, dripping—
Pale and ghastly were her features,
Ghastly, O, how ghastly,
Were her features—ghastly features.
Hasten quickly—give me brandy,
Rum or brandy, gin or brandy,
Haste, O, hasten.

O, I'm crazy—
Mad with anguish,
Anguish maddens my lost spirit.
I have ruined
Her so lovely,
By indulging
In the bottle.
Hide her, quickly hide her,
Blind my vision—
O, the pallor of those features,
All her anguish thus betraying—
And her voice so weak and hollow,
And her trembling arms around me—
Trembling, trembling—
Round my neck were trembling—
And upon my bosom leaning,
Was her weary head, so drooping—
Leaning, leaning—
On my bosom leaning,
That poor head with disheveled tresses.
How she grieved, so deeply sighing—
And her heart was beating, throbbing,
Throbbing, throbbing and convulsing.
Where 's the glass, O, fill it quickly—
Let me drive her image from me,
Let me banish thoughts and visage,
Banish, banish

Thoughts and visage.
O, those pleading, ghastly features—
From my eye and mind forever
Hide her visage so bewailing,
Her sad fate and my abandon,
And our darlings,
O, those pale and weeping children—
O, those darlings
Clinging tight to mother,
Clinging to her garments,

(*Draining the cup.*)

Clinging tightly, closely clinging,
I will banish,—O, this stinging,—
Thoughts and visages forever—
Of the poor, forsaken mother ;
Fill again—I will another—
Still will quaff the sense destroyer—
Drink to quell the wild commotion
Raging in my wretched bosom
Raging, raging, raging,
In my bosom raging.
Fill the goblet, quickly fill it—
And another—still another—
Till I see no more her features,
Pleading, pleading, pleading features,
I will drink, and still keep drinking.

Away, away, my wife and children
I have ruined you, my darlings,—
Well I know hell is my portion
For I would not hear your prayer,
And I left you dying there.
Heaven hide my sinful spirit—
Hide me, hide me, ever more."

(*Sinks down.*)

Falling senseless to the floor,
Sinks into a fitful swoon,—
The poor victim's heedless boon—
Thus his comrades, sore, amazing,
And they gather round him gazing,—
What a pity, murmured all
For so good and kind to fall
And to sacrifice his all—
Barter all things for the cup,
Wake him, yes, we'll wake him up.

(*Enter temperate drinker.*)

" Leave him where he is, the pup,"
Says the temperate drinker, when
Entering as if king of men,
And with swaggering, pompous gait
Some new gossip to relate
What was said of him, and thus,
With an air contemptuous,

"Cast him out," he says, "the fiend,
Once so sober, gentle, kind,
What suppose you 's in the wind?
Hear him whimpering, grunting, cursing,
Some new fangled notion nursing,
But he'd better have a care,
Or he'll rue it,—yes, beware,—
For no man shall ever treat,
As he did—the drunken cheat—
Wife and children but to-day—"

(*Keeper earnestly.*)

"What is that you wish to say?"

(*Temperate drinker.*)

We are 'whelmed with dismay—
That infernal, impious clown
Is a blemish on our town."

(*Bar-keeper.*)

"What, pray tell us, has he done?
Come you here for sake of fun,
And to abuse the fallen one?"

With the air of temperate drinkers,
And the blanney of free thinkers,
This head of a club of political tinkers,
Approaching the peddler of whisky and gin,

Emptying a goblet, said :

" Shall I begin ?"

(*Bar-keeper.*)

" Inform us, and keep us no more in suspense,
And less of your threatenings and pompous pretense,
Has he murder committed, or has he set fire
To the town in his madness, and who did conspire
With him to destroy, please let me inquire ?
Another glass, have sir ? 'Tis kindness in you
To keep us informed of the evils you know."

(*Temperate Drinker.*)

" In fact I'm contemplating just what I should do—
The line of plain duty I ever pursue,
And there lies a villian, a poor, drunken sot—
On the name of humanity truly a blot—
Shall I publish his meanness ? By far, rather not—
Another glass only, I need this of late.

"That villian has treated his wife with unkindness,
He rushes to ruin with criminal blindness,
He needs castigation to finish with hanging,
The country around us with gossip is ringing ;
Judge Lynch, sir, is thinking and talking of bringing
The wretch to an end of his villianous deeds,
And hanging, I tell you, is what the pup needs."

(*Bar-keeper.*)

"What is it again? Please tell us your story."

(*Temperate drinker.*)

"A little pure brandy—that scamp's in his glory—
He thrust from his arms his wife while in tears—
To tell the whole truth, the neighborhood fears—
And I think with good reason, for he keeps her in tears—
He will kill her with cruelty, starvation and fears.
Her powers are declining, her fortitude wasting,
And he to a horrid fate, surely, is hastening.
The time has now come for the villian to stop,
Should n't wonder if some of his neighbors should pop
Him over, or better, should bid him elope,
Or dangle a season, suspended by rope—
'Twould teach him, perhaps, that no villian need hope
While abusing his household, to pass unmolested,
I come, 'tis a truth, to have the thing tested—
Resolved to provide that he may be arrested."

(*A voice.*)

"Who caused the man's ruin? Who led him to drink?"
The temperate drinker looks on with a wink,
To the peddler of lager, and calls for a glass;
Again says the voice:
"Who brought this to pass?
It was your temperate drinkers who licensed this bar
With political tricksters, who caucused with care—

All who voted for license, as a small recompense,
For aid to their party—a foolish pretense,
For running the whisky ring into its power,
Destruction, you see, is the weaker man's dower.
Proceed to arrest, sir, your victim and dare
Thus justice—for trial your agents prepare,
Remember that code, sir, of Infinite laws,
Laws which will develop the deep-hidden cause—
Show sin in its primary action—will scan
All secret designing, selecting the man
Whose genius devised and put into motion,
The means that result in his present condition."

Still boasted and threatened this temperate drinker,
Unheeding the monitor, because a free thinker,
And laws of the past from old archives were sought
By which the besotted to trial was brought,—
By those who sustained the rum shop of the place,
Where rum was still sold with a freedom and grace
Which would puzzle a careful observer to tell
Whether Christians dwelt there or were agents of hell
At work, the weak-minded to bring to the dust,
And the temperate drinkers assuredly must,
To secure a scape-goat, seize a victim of gin,
Hoping thus to escape the results of their sin.
But the voice,

"Did you vote, sir, to license the Inn?

In this, sir, existeth the cause and the sin ;
You have forced wife and children to suffer alone—
By arresting the husband what good have you done ?
The wife who her husband's arrest does not learn,
Still waits in her anguish for him to return.
But he cannot, because by the officer borne
To the court of the temperate drinkers, who will,
As proclaimed by the leader, " Their purpose fulfill."
You made the act legal to ruin young men,
And aided by drinking a glass with them—when
Overcome by the habit—their ruin complete
By bringing them bound to your own judgment seat."

SCENE XIII.

In a cabin the wife is seen just lingering at the portals of death, while her husband is being tried by temperate drinkers.

Beneath a roof leaky and old,
In sadness, feeble and cold,
In pensive mood sighing from night until morn,
Her soul is depressed, her spirit forlorn,
Her lone heart is crushed with sorrow and care,
Weeping and praying
Day unto day.
Mournfully sighing
From morning till night,
By terror overcome,
With body and soul in a sad, weary plight,
And the object of scorn,
This lone woman suffers—the poor drunkard's wife—
With gloomy demeanor, with fast waning life,
To escape from her sorrows oft hoping to die.
With tears in her eyes,
And half-stifled cries,

With intellect crazing,
At vacancy gazing—
"When will he come home?"
She often repeats, scarcely able to move,
Never once from her lone couch of sorrow arising—
"I love him—him only I love,
O, why should he tarry?
Or why did he marry,
To forsake and destroy,
And murder our boy,
And our daughter also?
O, why don't he come?
But I must not encourage unkind criticising."

"My lot appears hard—
Kind Heaven regard,
O, pity, forgive,
For him I would live,
In hope to redeem,
Though now it would seem
Forever too late;
But Providence knows
What one undergoes—
How of all to dispose.
With this I comply,
Though choosing to die,
To escape this deplorable fate,
O, will he come home?—it is late."

Still suffering there
A type of despair,
An object of care
And charity, too.
But the temperate drinker ne'er sought to relieve
Their prisoner's wife ; but left her to grieve,
In meekness deploring,
Kind Heaven imploring,
Her husband adoring—
A creature of woe.
With hunger oppressed,
By sickness distressed,
With spirit depressed,
Still toiling to do
With patient endurance,
And bore her sad fate
With Christian forbearance,
Nor did she berate
Him for his drinking,
But still she keep thinking
While nature was sinking
Of him as her friend.
In silence inquiring
With anxious desiring—
Hope, little inspiring,—
How the conflict would end.
" O, that he would come,

I am sad here alone,
Night fast approaching,
And darkness encroaching."
She sought her lone chair,
With her little ones crying,
Her spirit was sighing,
And faith was now vieing
With grief and despair
For the mastery over her.
No mortal for love of her,
Sought to discover her
In her last strife,—
In her cottage alone,
Nor came to her one,
While sinking was life.

She breathed a dying prayer,
That her husband, God would spare,
And through grace his soul prepare
To meet her at last
In the heaven above,
In the kingdom of love,
When her trials are past.
Life was waning and flickering,
Ghouls round her were bickering
Over her soul.
In her brain ghosts arise

With fierce, glaring eyes;
Strange doubts, too, arise
While her worn body dies,
Which would control?
Ghosts from the evil one,
Or from the holy throne
Down through the skies
Angels would come for her?

Faith proves the conqueror,
God sends the comforter
In mercy sustaining her,
While angelic bands
With harps in their hands
Soon to appear
And chanting—will play
Upon cymbals of gold—
In her presence unfold
Those glories untold
And escort her away,
With victory complete,
To bow at His feet;
With melody sweet,
To sing of His love,
Who came to redeem—
From whom glories beam—
Who will call her above,

In his presence to appear—
With accents most clear
Will welcome her home.

(*Voice addressing her.*)

"Sister, list to their song,
To God they belong,
Keep thy faith strong,
They're calling thee home,
Lone spirit arise,
Ascend to the skies,
Receive the bright prize—
A harp and a crown,
Far away from all strife—
As the wanderer's wife—
To the banquet sit down."

"I could," said the bride,
"With him by my side,
Conditions abide,—
O, when will he come?
These babes to leave here
Is a trial severe;
Will Jesus appear
And take us all home?"

(*A voice.*)

"God, dear sister, will provide
For the prattlings by your side,

As a father will decide—
Prayers are heard for him,
Jesus will their spirits bring
To the throne of heaven's king,
With the cherubim.

" Trust Him, sister, trust His grace
Who once suffered for the race,
Wrought redemption through free grace,
This Redeemer trust.
To the heavens above, the Lord
Will exalt them—trust his word—
God is merciful and just.
Trust Him, sister, God is love,
And will, by the power above,
Raise them from the dust.

" From thy prison flee,
Share true liberty,
Lay by thy garments, dear,
Trust, no longer fear—
Flee from scenes of strife,
Escape the storms of life
Thou dearest, faithful wife."

(*Reply.*)

" Lo! I come to Thee, my Lord,
Trusting to Thy gracious word;

Jesus, take me to Thy home,
Let me to Thy bosom come,
Saviour, rescue me!"

(*Sinking in death.*)

"The world grows dark, my feeble life is flowing—
My hour is come—to God I yield my soul,
Bright beings from above, immortal aid bestowing
With arms of love my yielding soul enfold.
Adieu to life with all its cares and sighing,
Adieu to life so fraught with human woe,
O, happy hour, triumphant joy—I'm dying—
Homeward on wings of sacred light to go."

(*Angels chanting the song of victory.*)

"The trial is past—
The spirit, at last,
Hath bid an adieu
To sorrow and pain;
And never again
Shall the worldly and vain,
With troubles pursue
The being so mild,
With heart unbeguiled—
Cast down and oppressed,
Hence upward she rises
Where heaven comprises
Love, happiness, rest.

Farewell to all sorrow—
And no coming morrow
Shall waken new foes
To multiplied woes ;
Henceforth will be blessed,
And by angels caressed,
Will be ever at rest—
Singing praises anew
Eternity through.
Farewell to all pain,
She will ne'er weep again,
Nor murmur the strain
Of the soul's sad refrain,—
But forever remain
In the presence of One
Who died to atone,
Who for her was slain
On Mount Calvary,—
Give glory to Him
With the bright cherubim
Forever on high.
When the judgment shall sit
And the souls of men meet
All accounts to adjust ;
Where spirits all, must
Abide judgment given
By the Ruler of heaven,

There will she be blest—
And her husband be there
In answer to prayer—
And their little ones, too,
Eternity through,
In Heaven will rest.

SCENE XIV.

Scene in the cottage now appears. The husband, tried and convicted, on his way to prison, enters to bid his wife farewell, gazes upon her cold form, and startled by the death look and the wailing of his babes, exclaims :

O, the price of that vote ! Unfortunate day !
For a pledge never paid, I threw life away—
And blasted existence ! I ruined her life,
My manhood I sold, and I purchased this strife.
The man who enticed me, pledged father to bring
His son into note—but himself made rum king,
My home he wrung from me. I moved to this shed,
And neglected my Mary, who now from the dead
Is pierceing my soul with the horrid death gaze—
O, my heart is on fire and my spirit ablaze—
Here I left her, overwhelmed with sorrow and care,—
How at me in horror her ghastly eyes glare !
Those babes, and those only, were here when she died—
Ye vaults of profound desolation, O, hide
My soul in that measureless, doleful abyss,
Where serpents torment and where scorpions hiss—
I have sinned the great sin of the race of mankind,

I neglected her here! O, the hell of my mind!
The wave of mad fury overwhelms my soul,
And the billows of vengeance now over me roll.
For a vote! O, that vote—as a ghost now appearing
Is mocking and screeching mad wrath in my hearing.
O, the scenes of the past how they gather around me,
And the words of her dying prayer, how they confound me!
I behold her as then, and I feel her arms quivering
As she clung to me, and her whole body was shivering.
But I left her, O, God, in her last dying prayer,
Tore away her embrace and she died in despair.

They arrested me, Mary, or I should have returned
When I came to myself—then I plead and I mourned—
But they held me in bonds and sentenced me where
It can do no one good—nor I bestow care
Upon those who need all I could do to sustain—
This sentence, all loss, and with nothing to gain.
Who sold me the poison is honored and free,
While I must in prison be mourning for thee;
And these orphans, O, Mary! no mother! and I
In prison must suffer; O, could we all die!
And escape these misfortunes. But I am the cause,
I neglected my home, and by natural laws
You suffered till life could no longer sustain
The weight of oppression—and cankering pain—

Alone, O, my dear one, alone left to die,
Alone with death struggling, no human aid nigh.
Thus you sunk in the waves of the desolate river
You are gone, O, my Mary, you have left me forever.

I forsook you when tenderly, earnestly pleading,
Tore away your embrace, your anguish not heeding;
I left you to perish, no one to befriend—
O, God, I have forced you to this cruel end.
I loved you, my Mary, I loved you; but wine
Benumbed all my sense, till no sorrow of thine
Could rouse from that stupor;—I mourn you too late;
O, Mary, dear Mary, I fashioned your fate—
I wounded, I crushed you, I murdered you, dear,
O, how can I meet you when God shall appear
And call me to judgment, my sentence to hear?

(*An angel appearing, said:*)

"Thou mourner, convicted of great evils done,
Who suffered thy Mary to die, and alone—
She mourned and she wept, till could suffer no more,
And drank of the cup to its dregs—all is o'er.
Her life was in darkness, affliction her dower,
But angels attended her in her last hour;
In Jesus she trusted, who suffered to save—
He heard her last prayer and kind angels he gave
As companions in death—her joy and her hope,

His grace and his angels her soul bouyed up.
Angels came, by commission, to comfort in death,
To attend her lone soul as it passed from the world.
God banished those beings, that came from beneath,
Into regions of darkness those beings were hurled,
Which her spirit had haunted.
Her soul woke at length,
A spirit immortal, an heavenly heir:
She rose from her sorrow, by God given strength,—
Close her eyes, did her guardians, composing with care
Her form, so convulsed by the final death-chill;—
And thus did kind angels God's purpose fulfill.
For thee she still lingers around the last scene—
Her earthly abode, where her trials have been,
To reveal herself once, to her object of love
Before she ascends to her mansion above.
But soon she will rise from this world, to behold
The glorified throngs in the city of gold,
Where all is ecstatic delight—and no care
Can annoy or becloud her bright soul dwelling there;
She bids thee remember her prayers and her tears,
Forgiving who caused all her suffering and fears;
Who ruined the husband, the children, the wife;
She bids me say to the: "Pursue higher life;"
Set thy heart upon virtue, upon heaven above;
Be controlled by the laws of right, mercy and love;
"Take these little ones, darling," your bride bids me say,

" To the home of the noble and there with them stay,
Yielding all to His keeping, who died to redeem,
And meet me, dear husband, o'er Jordan's cold stream ;
With joy I will greet thee, thou choice of my soul,
And to part never more while the ages shall roll."

The angel withdrew and the sufferer cried,
" Would to God, my dear Mary, for thee I had died—
Would to God to thy counsel I had given due heed—
If Heaven will hear thee, O, do for me plead."
The mourner then saw, to his consciousness clear,
The one just departed, and poised in the air ;
For a moment there lingered, then smilingly said,
" Mourn not for me, darling, and call me not dead ;
I live in the glory that round me is glowing,
To heaven, with angels, I soon shall be going.
Adieu, my beloved, adieu ! I am rising ;
New scenes now appearing, my soul are surprising."
As she passed from his view, he heard her proclaim :
" Praise God, O, my soul, praise His glorified name,—
All glory to Jesus, I am free, I am free."
Thus left in his anguish, he resolved to refrain,
And the laws of an higher existence maintain ;
He offered his soul on the altar of prayer,
Prayed God, on the babes, to bestow special care—
Resolving in spirit his life to reform—
With principles of justice henceforth to conform ;

To follow the pathway his lost wife had trod,
To live, and live only, a servant of God.
His grief had now deepened to sorrow, indeed,
Because he did not his lost Mary's prayers heed.
Alone, in the world he existed, forlorn,
Of all human prospects apparently shorn.
Till hope in the future, through mercy was given,
And a prospect of meeting his Mary in heaven.
Life and hope thus bestowed was in answer to prayer
God's blessings and mercy, vouchsafed, to prepare
For usefulness here, and a home with the blest,
And at last with his Mary, in heaven find rest.

SCENE XV.

Immediately succeeding the foregoing, voices were heard chanting and praising, and from different directions, and different groups echoing each other, representing, that when God's children leave the body, His holy angels welcome them into the higher life. And, also, that they linger near the body until entombed. Thus revealing that God has especial care for each and all of his devoted people, and that His ministering spirits are ever near them. The angels continued their chanting and echoing from band to band, until the departed bride finally yielded her family, and arose to heaven. As the sorrowing husband closed his lamentations, from the right those voices were heard, singing:

Dearest and purest of beings on earth,
Into heaven, through trial, thy spirit had birth :
Forever have ended thy sighing and tears,
Rest, dearest of mortals, till Jesus appears.
Peace now attend thee ! Nor tempest, nor storm
Can disturb thy sweet slumber. Rest, rest, lovely form !
Shall fall on thy spirit, no dark cloud of gloom,
Rest quietly, rest, in the sanctified tomb.
No more can the idlers with impudent glare,
Stand near thee and mock thee with villainous stare,
Because the lone wife of one ruined by rum,
No more to thy hearing vile epithets come ;

No more can the rude and unfeeling deride
Thee as an unfortunate, inebriate's bride,
Clad scantily, weeping in poverty, sighing—
With feeble hands toiling ; of comforts denying
Thyself and thy children,—and the sport of the vain.
No more can the favored give edge to the pain
Of thy agonized heart, by their scornfully smiling
Upon thee, while thou art thy anguish beguiling—
By appearing composed—while sorely distressed,
No more will thus suffer. Rest, lone body, rest
Till the Saviour shall bid thee from slumber arise,
Resurrected, immortal—to the glorified skies.
Peace now attend thee, no storm can awake
Fears and distress, and the tenement shake ;
No longer shall hunger, and winter's cold chill
O'ercome, and with terror thy feeble nerves thrill.
It is done, thou art over the struggle at last,—
All human affliction, with thee now are past.
The Saviour in mercy, thy sufferings closed,
Death came as thy friend, and life's fetters unloosed—
Bid the spirit escape from the perishing form,
Now free from all want and the winter's chill storm.
The life hath departed and the spirit now free,
Will soon the loved bowers of Paradise see.
Rest, rest, lovely form, in that silent repose—
Thy sanctified rest, undisturbed by thy foes.
Far away from the haunts of the rude, and the vain,

Nor fear, nor distress, shall disturb thee again.
In quietude rest in the sanctified tomb—
While the spirit ascends to the glorified home.

(*Addressing the departed, calls her to arise from earth.*)

Bid adieu to thy sorrow, thou smitten and lone,
Now free from thy bondage, O, desolate one.
Arise from the world of contention and strife,
From the land of affliction, with evil so rife ;
Where the cold chilly blast, and the tempest's loud roar,
Overwhelm with terror the timid and poor.
Behold the cloud parting—light gleams from afar—
Thy convoy awaits thee. A glory-crowned car,
Hath a seat in reserve. Arise, soul, arise !
Hark ! echoes thy welcome along the bright skies—
Above thee, thy Saviour is bidding thee come ;
Arise, and ascend to thy beautiful home.
Come, welcome, afflicted one, welcome to rest !
Repose in his arms and recline on his breast,
Who died to redeem, and whose angels now come
To conduct thee, as convoy to heaven, thy home.

(*From other voices.*)

Why tarry ? Arise ? Come away to the skies
Put on the bright armor, lone sister, arise,
Trust those remaining to Him who hears prayer
For He will protect them with vigilant care,—

Who doth of his people's afflictions partake,
Who never will leave them, will never forsake.
Then yield them—Why tarry? Come, come away!
The call of thy Saviour, arise and obey.

As the echoing voices closed this last appeal, the departed, poising a little above, raised her eyes from earth, and a glorious light shone around her. With one long, lingering look upon her children, and her husband who was at a little distance, overcome with his emotion, she gently arose, uttering the following:

"O, wondrous love, and goodness all surprising
Adieu to earth and all its toiling care;
O, blissful moment! my happy soul is rising
To meet my Saviour in the glowing air.
Upward, upward on wings of light ascending
With open arms my Saviour bids me come,
His holy angels from His court descending,
Hail me, as convoy, to conduct me home;
Lo! their bright chariot, formed of light celestial,
Rising o'er earth triumphant—how driven!
Adieu, adieu to all that is terrestrial,
Life, victory, and a crown are mine.
O, this sweet relief—how it cheers my spirit—
I see the peaceful haven, His promise verified,
My husband shall, through saving grace, inherit
Yonder bright home, companion by my side,—
Shall walk the fields of bright elysian pleasures.
Hand joined in hand, through flowery plains shall range—

There be at rest—restored shall be our treasures—
Our babes in heaven—and never more to change.

My soul's perceptions quicken as heavenward rising—
The lovely bowers of Paradise I see,
Glory and joy and blessings all surprising,—
Ascending from earth to yon Eternity.
Farewell, all sorrow ! Hail ! ye welcome angels,
Convoy immortal ! I bid the world farewell ;
To join the throng of heaven's bright evangels ;—
Farewell, farewell ! Heaven is my home—farewell !
Around me, saints with glowing forms, are bending
In sacred homage at my Saviour's throne ;
My soul with theirs and holy angels blending—
O, glory, glory, be to God alone.
I'm happy now—my joys are overflowing—
Adieu to loneliness and all depressing cares ;
Jesus, on my spirit, his holy smiles bestowing,
Fills my soul with raptures—O, the end of prayer—
I bowed in darkness, yet, by faith was guided ;
By the Holy Spirit, my prayers were all inspired ;
God has, in heaven, love's bounteous feast provided ;
My soul is full,—more rapturous than desired
Flow now my joys.
Farewell to sin and mourning—
Farewell to all that pains or clouds the soul ;
Bright gems bedeck my crown, my inner life adorning,

My being, in thanksgiving, now I offer whole.
No more shall I, with saddened heart, sit sighing
Beneath the shadows of the soul's distress;
No more bowed low beneath my load, and crying
For kindly words, or pine for one caress.
'Tis done, 'tis done! The life of life descended,
Baptized my spirit, while I offered prayer;
My home is heaven; my tears and prayers are ended;
In this bright world my Lord's caresses share.
On thy kind breast, now sweetly am reclining,
With holy arms am pressed so near thy heart,
Adieu to sorrow and to all repining
O, Saviour, Friend, from thee no more shall part.
Thou, dear Lord, art mine; I feel thy welcome Spirit,
And thy great love absorbing all my soul,
Through thy own suffering these mercies I inherit;
I yield, I yield to thee, myself, my all.

While here I lean, O Lord, I still remember
Him who now is suffering in the world below,
Cold his lone spirit as that world's December,
Struggling there with overwhelming woe.
Though erring, Lord, his heart is kind and tender
His motives pure, O, send thy angels there.
Remember, Saviour, O, wilt thou remember,
My lonely loved ones, for whom I breathe this prayer,
In that dark world where all is prone to sadness

Still suffer those, thy Providence once gave
To my embrace, and I received with gladness.
Those treasures, Lord, wilt thou, Redeemer, save,—
Those weeping souls and let angels guide them
Hitherward, Lord, and bear them home to rest—
In thy great mercy shield, in thy pavilion hide them,
Till storms of life are over, and forever blessed
With thy forgiving love, and watchfulness and care—
O, my Redeemer, bring them here at last.
In mercy, Saviour, answer this one prayer ;
Guide them safe, and when earth's trials are past
Gather in thy arms those treasures, Lord, and may
We be united here, and in thy bosom rest,
And with the choralist, shout, and praise, and play
On harps immortal and forever blessed.

ANGELIC CHANT OF ASCENSION.

Chant ye the happy lay,
For the soul has passed away,
To sorrow no more ;
O, the calm, reposing rest,
When at home on Jesus' breast,
To rest evermore.
Peace to her weary soul—

Heaven is her spirit's goal ;
Praise and adore.
There, embraced in Jesus' arms,
Free from all her dread alarms,
Heaven will renew her charms,
Youth and grace restore.
In those holy, peaceful climes,
With sacred glow her spirit shines ;
Where soul with soul combines ;
She with Jesus reigns.
In the heavenly, happy land,
Joining with the holy band,
Palm of victory in her hand,
Wears a sparkling diadem ;
And the star of Bethlehem
Sets the central, glowing gem,
And she holds a harp of gold
In her hands of purity—
O'er the strings her fingers play
And will praise with sweetest lay.
Jesus gives the priceless stone,
With her name inscribed thereon.
And before the holy throne,
Diviner joys unfold.
Immanuel, the sinner's friend,
Proved his love unto the end,
Father, Son, and spirit blend.
In the holy unity ;—

Rest thee, sister, ever rest
On the Saviour's bosom, blest,
In the Saviour's arms caressed—
Rest in love's felicity.
From thy sorrows evermore ;
Shout His praise, His name adore
In His kingdom rest.

SCENE XVI.

LEAVING THE GOAL.

As the last scene closed, the Monitor, approaching me, said:

"Thou hast, here, witnessed in this gloomy realm of mind, those scenes which represent the nature of law, disclosing the natural alliance of cause and effect. Also the blind carelessness of men, and how greed benumbs and bewilders moral sense. And here hast thou seen, evil and good contrasted. And also, the responsibility of liquor dealers, for the part they perform in the awful tragedy among men—how his own soul becomes demoralized, and how, after passing from the field of "labor and gain," memory becomes the active faculty of the soul, bringing before the mind all the past. Here, too, has been revealed the final results, the ultimate condition of the spiritual man: the beginning and ending, cause and effect, as culminating in a moral and spiritual sphere of being, in harmony with the means leading to it. And here, in an especial manner, hast thou seen displayed that great truth, that in the very folds of a giant form of evil, in the waves of a tempest-lashed moral plane of existence, the soul trusting in truth, righteousness and God, will conquer even death, and triumph at last. As a brilliant star, appearing in the blackened heavens, that lone suffering wife, shone forth with superior splendor, displaying the spirit of meekness, forbearance and forgiveness, once revealed in Gethsemane, before Pontius Pilate, on Calvary, and finally in the resurrection and ascension to heaven.

"Thou mayest now pass from this arena of moral night—go, hence, through dark regions, and labrynthian passages, over seas tempested, vast and desolate,

adieu. Hark! hearest thou those uprolling tides? They come, they come, away, escape quickly, 'ere thou art overwhelmed in the billows of a still deeper and darker world."

The Monitor disappeared, and lo! a cloud, as of fire and smoke, arose from one of the nethermost vaults, upon which was standing a ghastly looking figure, with sword and shield. The cloud appeared as formed of tierces, casks, kegs, bottles, decanters and goblets, all on fire, and all were rolling as if sections of clouds moved by internal winds. A low, heavy rumbling, as of distant thunder, jarred the very foundation of this vast arena. As the cloud drew near, the ghastly image, whose throne appeared to be that cloud, with a deep, sepulchral voice, said :

"Prepare for battle! War will be declared, and my kingdom assailed. Human households seek their God, whose angels are moving toward the world. The women, looking upward in tears, are pleading for my banishment. Soon, the answering voice may come, and they, whom I fear, will arise, and besiege my temple and throne. Send forth, O, my faithful subjects, send forth fleet-winged heralds, gather the hosts for my defence. Echo, these my words, along the dark labrynthian channels below. Marshal my devoted subjects, and arise to earth, to defend my kingdom there. Many, still are my faithful friends, but their wives, mothers, sisters and friends, will wield a power, all conquering. I have, as you know, ordered poisonous ingredients to be added to the flowing liquids those human beings love so well, hoping thus the more effectually to benumb and bewilder. I erred; since my agents there, quickly obeyed, and the results are so sure and fatal, inducing so much insanity and crime, that the sober of earth have become alarmed. Come forth my valiant subjects, prepared for a conflict severe. Come forth! aid in this fearful war upon my dominion. Come—"

A dark cloud now rising, concealed Prince and throne, from my view. The foundation upon which I was standing moved, and soon I realized that I was afloat upon a boundless sea.

LONE SOLITUDE.

Alone, on billows tost, alone—
The sea appeared one endless tomb ;
In one unbounded ocean lost,
On ceaseless waves, by wild winds tost,
It seemed a hoary age had been ;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars had seen.
Awed and astounded by the roar
Of dashing waves 'gainst seeming shore,
As rose and fell the mountain swell,
Their awful sway I sensed full well ;
Now on the billows, rising high,
Appeared to meet the bending sky ;
Then sinking down to depths unknown,
O'erwhelmed with thoughts of evil done,
But onward, upward, downward still,—
Cold breezes, too, the heart's-blood chill—
A fearful sense of dread and awe.
And nothing heard, and nothing saw,
Save phosphorescent, quivering light,
While battling with the waves of night;
Dread silence and deep darkness reigned,
Except the roar of seas, which pained
My consciousness.
The wailing sea
A requiem of the lost, or glee

Of sporting, nether elements,
Aghast, I rode those billows high,—
A time—that seemed eternity.

With feelings desolate, profound,
I peered into the night, around;
Could nothing see or realize—
No earth or heaven to greet my eyes.
Is this indeed eternity?
Forever on this dismal sea?
Hopeless state! Hopeless despair!
Ye powers that made me, tell me, where
I am, and whither do I drift?
Is it toward gulf or shore, or rift?
Alone on this tempestuous sea,
No power to stay, no power to flee.

Upon these restless billows tost,—
Eternal Father! am I lost?
Lost to the world, to all mankind?
Can ne'er return, can never find
One soul, or saint, or demon?
Dead
To me all nature—ghastly dread
My sole companion. Evermore
Upon a sea, nor bounds, nor shore,
Nor ghosts of deepest, darkest night,

With demons e'en could take delight,—
In hell would rather dwell, by far,
Where legions meet in ghastly war—
Be clapsed by demon arms, and lay
On demon breasts—with scorpions play—
Would drink deep draughts of liquid fire—
Would feel the scorching looks of ire;
The ire of wrath without relief;
Would lead the imps of hell as chief—
Would thirst eternally, unquenched—
Would bleed the blood of woe unstenched—
Would eat the burning coals for aye—
Would suffer any form or way—
Would dwell in night, unchanged by day;
Nor see, henceforth, a single ray
Of weakest light, or hope for change,
Would ever burning deserts range
Forever—yes, forever more,
Only to have some one to share
A word or touch, in this despair,
But this *alone, alone, alone,*—
Companioned never, not by one,
Nor man, nor demon—even beast—
Alone, alone, there is no rest.
Alone, alone, in this dread sea,
Alone, through all eternity.
Can I exist in solitude?

Nor even in my thoughts include
The counter elements of mind ?
Companions may I never find,
Nor voice awake my useless ear,
Nor speech relieve this dread despair,
Nor echoes tremble on the air ?
But one deep wail of tempests sigh,
The surge and roar of breakers nigh,
And waves like mountains rolling high,
And then descend,—and still again,
The towering hights of billows gain.
Tost on, tost on eternally,
Nor even live, nor even die—
With life sufficient to endure
This anguish, and of nothing sure.
All blank and void, uncertainty,—
Throughout a long eternity.
Can there be woe compared to this ?
Distress compared to this distress ?
Alone, eternally alone—
Alone, O, awful sense, ALONE !
In that dread solitude, I gazed—
Into that cloud of night,—half crazed—
With dying hope, not quite expired ;
One single object I desired,
More than, by far, a soul can know,
Who never felt this sense of woe.

And as with failing sense I gazed
Into that shoreless gulf, amazed
In every part of conscience sense,
I heard a voice—could not tell whence—
A voice, then voices—jangling, swearing—
Howling, cursing, shouting, daring—
Which seemed as voices drawing nigh.
"Behold the baby spirit cry!"
Exclaimed a single voice, and then
I saw a host, resembling men
A ghastly light o'ercast each man,
Revealing a most wretched clan.
Lost souls—now demons, spirits vile—
Their features wreathed with hateful smile—
With fang-like teeth, bodies of bone—
In place of heart, a craggy stone,
From which was oozing clammy slime,—
These creatures met me:—
"This third time
"You've called for us," the leader said,
With impish mein and toss of head,
"You choose us did you? Well I knew
Would surely come the time, when you
Would choose, by far, this little crew,
Than in your solitude pursue
This journey through the desert waste.
Circumstances change one's tastes;

Conditions oft times change the mind—
To dwell with us you seem inclined,
Well, be it so ; come, come along!
Come, join us in our little song."

Then screeched this chieftain a key note,
And paused to clear his shrunken throat;
The group uniting with him, sung
With deep bass voice and heavy lung :

" Strange scenes are these—
We strive to please,
But scarce can find
A willing mind ;
But since you have
A heart so brave,
Come, stranger, come,
A glass—what, dumb!
Take, drink with ease,—
It sure must please,
For 'tis the same
You called by name ;—
The oldest wine
With flavor fine ;
Burgundy, too,
Bought it of you.
Please drink, enjoy—
'Tis no alloy."

THE LONE WIDOW.

Again the scene was changed, and I
Beheld a being drawing nigh;
A female in most piteous mood,—
With trembling voice she asked for food;
Her garments worn, her visage sad.
I heard her say,—

"Time was I had
A home and husband, children, friends—
But by device of human fiends,
My darling was decoyed from me,
No more my loving husband. He,
Beguiled by rum, was led astray;
How earnestly for him did pray.
Alone, o'erborne by sorrow now,
Beneath my heavy woe I bow.
A suppliant for a fallen crumb.
My being chilled, in grief I come,
A beggar at the rich man's gate,
No one to pity my sad fate;
No friend to aid, no home I have—
My wounded heart is in the grave—
An object of the world's distrust,
Of criticisms too, unjust.

"They laid him, O, my Father spare!
They laid him down with little care;

Alone, I followed by his bier,
No one with me to shed a tear;
With nestling babe upon my breast,
O, how I sighed to be at rest—
To lay me by my husband's side,
But that great boon, too, was denied.
Faint and trembling by him stood,
My only hope, the unseen God.
They buried him beneath the hill;
The sexton said,—
"The potter's field
Was far too good for one so low,"
The pain that gave me none can know.
In early life made him my choice,
When thrilled my soul his sweet toned-voice,
When he so noble, soul and life—
Made me his bride, and called me "wife."
He was my comforter and shield,
For whom they said, "The potter's field
Is quite too good;"
They left him there,
And none for me had thought or care
Because rum-sellers ruined him!"

(*Then wildly gazing around the wanderer continued:*)

"O, Thou, who hears the feeblest cry
Of thy lone creatures, trembling

In this drear solitude, I grope—
O, give me, Lord, the aid of hope,
To bear my sinking spirit up.
O, Thou, who canst behold and know
My wants, O, whither shall I go?
O, let me to thy bosom come;
Take me, O, Saviour, to thy home."

As thunderbolts the oak will rend,
And lightning strokes all life suspend,
So stunned my yet remaining life—
The presence of that ruined wife;
She, whom I recognized as one,
Through my rumselling, thus undone,
Was brought to wander, sad and drear;
No one to pity or to care;
She whom, through rum, I had destroyed,—
Whose faithful husband was decoyed
By song, and wit, and ruby wine
Did from his home his heart incline.

As meteors start from points unknown,
A moment flash and then are gone,
So flashed that scene upon my view,
A moment, and as quick withdrew.
But yet enough had been disclosed—
My guilty life was thus exposed,—

And what I had in common shared
With those who have the race debarred
Of peace, and love and righteousness,
And multiplied the world's distress.
The title, preface, and discourse
Were all disclosed, and that perforce
Of the lone woman passing by.
That vision was full history—
I saw the figure, then 'twas gone,
And I again afloat, alone,—
Was tossed upon the dreary sea,
The sea of vast eternity.

Again on raging, billowy deep,
Where trade-winds like high tempest's sweep—
As gulf-streams hot, impetuous flow,
Rushing through caverns deep below,
With hurricane's impetus, swift,
The seething waters onward drift;
The blackened clouds by lightnings rift—
Rolling like mountains, right and left,—
Divide thus the thunder-cloud;
Dense vapors like a funeral shroud,
Enveloped all in nether gloom;
The dark abyss appeared a tomb,
And down the tide-waves I was rushing;
Terrific peals my spirit crushing;

This seemed the climax of all ills,
My soul began to fail and chill.
" No hope," I cried, while thunders crashed,—
The driven waves my frail bark lashed,
Which shivered with each fearful stroke;
The powers that rule, sought to invoke,
To spare from fate so terrible.
Prayed that I might a brief space dwell,
Where darkness, death and fearful gale,
Does not o'er everything prevail.

A gleam of light illumined the sky,
A visage floated gently by,
" Wouldst thou?" it said with voice so mild,
I thought the speaker but a child—
" Wouldst thou escape this world of gloom?
Wouldst thou enjoy once more thy home?
Then ply thy oar and follow me,
Across this dark, tempestuous sea."

I rose, and quick the oar applied,
Along the waves with rapid glide,
My bark cut through the tossing foam,
Until into a nook did come;
A little bay between two hills,
Where lulling wind the tempest stills;
There moored my tiny, fragile bark,

'Mid lowering clouds most drear and dark.
A hand I saw reach from the clouds,—
A voice addressed me, while the shroud
Of fearful darkness rolled away,
And light, the light of beauteous day,
Burst o'er the scene.
Again that voice,
" Wouldst thou escape ? Make now thy choice
'Tween life and traffic in men's soul ;—
He seeks thee who the storm controls."

" Fain would I leave this dismal sea—
Would from this death-scene quickly flee,
I would—O, grant my soul relief—
Give me a rest, however brief,
From scenes so horrible as these."

(*The voice.*)

" All things are fixed by wise decrees ;—
Who sins, the sinner's fate will share."

I bowed me down in earnest prayer,
And as I in my spirit prayed,
Upon my head was gently laid
A hand, that did with glory shine.
A voice angelic and divine
Addressed me with persuasive tone ;
A ring upon a finger shone,

With lustre so supremely bright,
It dazzled and o'ercome my sight.
That ring revealed the owner's name,
I saw and knew it was the same
Once pledged for him I cast in jail,
For whom she plead without avail.

Her ring I coveted and sought—
Arranged my plans, and then I caught
The object of my plotted theft,
And thus the soul of hope bereft.
He made his way to prison, where
His faithful wife pursued, to share
With him his sorrows—and that ring
Gave as a pledge if I would bring
The husband from the prison cell ;
The gem I took and hoarded well.
The ring had thus by scheme obtained,
Regardless how her heart it pained
To see the wedding ring exposed
Before my friends. A hand unclosed
The prison gates and set him free.

I knew the ring—I knew the hand—
Their owner did before me stand ;
My punishment was now complete—
I sank, o'erwhelmed, at her feet.

She raised me up and with a smile
Said, "Suffering soul, I can't beguile
My motives now ; I come to save—
On you and for you pity have."

(*The Bride.*)

"This ring reminds of days now gone—
Of sorrows I endured alone,
Of wretchedness beyond description—
You won it once by deep deception.
A nobler, gave it back again—
I wear it now—nor grief nor pain
Endure as when this ring you wore ;
My soul will suffer never more,—
It is now mine—no poison cup
Or charges false, can use it up,
Nor can you by false charge of theft—
As once by which our hearts bereft—
Obtain it to secure relief
From prison-walls, your plot-made thief."

"Nay, nay, thou long misguided one,
Repent and by good deeds atone
For evil deed, for mischief wrought ;—
Your transient gain was dearly bought.
By you I suffered, wept and perished,—
You in the world its evil nourished—

I fell by what your spirit cherished.
My husband ruined with your rum—
You bought with wine our peaceful home,
My ring admired and won by fraud;
You tempted, caught, and then o'erawed,—
Your victim into prison turned,
His heart made gall; and anger burned
In his wronged soul."

"By the weight of the ring
You valued his life, when you was Rum King;
I meet you again, conditions reversed,—
But enough of the past has here been rehearsed.
Consider now well, and firmly decide,
Would your habits be changed should Heaven provide
The means of escape from this region of woe,
If again to earth scenes was permitted to go?
I have watched you and counseled you often as guide,
In varying manner. Sometimes by your side,
Sometimes from the cloud, poising over the pit,
Where, concealed from your view, as your watchman would sit.

In the folds of these hallowed habiliments I wear,
Are pinions more buoyant than purified air:
My soul spreads its wings, and my Lord bids me come,
I now shall ascend to my sanctified home.
May what you have seen prove a warning to you,
We will soon meet again, for a season adieu."

As the being departed, I also arose,
And the soft, gentle breezes, my mind did compose ;
From a cloud, which with hallowed light seemed to glow,
The earth, I beheld in its grandeur below,
Momentous its movements, mysterious, sublime,
It rolled and advanced, and it measured out time.
As a ball from the athlete rends the air with its flight,
The orb appeared flung by the Author of might ;
From the hand of Jehovah, it moved as if sent,
Pursued by the lightning as onward it went.

Saw the people of earth, saw the actions of all
Inhabitants there, both the great and the small;
From the serf in his habit, and toiling alone,
To the lofty crowned king on his gem-bedecked throne;
Saw the Duke and the Lord, all agents of fame,
Beheld that distinction exists but in name,—
When virtue and goodness are not manifest,
Disparities are only revealed by the test
Of justice, religion and meekness withal ;
All other distinctions are meager and small.
The good and the truthful are God's favorites,
And nothing is healthful that over excites
The passions of men, or in any way blights
The growth of the spirit in virtue and love,
Or checks aspiration for heaven above.
Saw many were groping in sadness and sighing;

Homeless and friendless—in poverty dying—
In solitude wandered, vast multitudes, then
I beheld the more blest of the children of men;

While in this deep, observing mood,
Saw o'er the race appeared to brood,
A sombre gloom which earth beclouded,—
A vapory atmosphere enshrouded
The 'wildered people groping there,
So bent with burden, worn with care.

"Who wrought this world of woe?" I cried,—
A voice from that dark gloom replied,
"Unhallowed love of gain and wine—
Sordid desires, sordid design,
And poisons that the weak control;
Dethrone the mind, debase the soul."

"But God created orb and men,—
Why all this dissipation then?
Must men bow low in dust for aye,
Is there no saving power, I pray?"

RESPONSE*.

"There is a means of God devised
Of which His angels are apprized ;
God's ministers from heaven descend,
Who will the human soul defend ;
Will waken many human born
Who toil in hopelessness forlorn ;—
Have bowed in prayer before the throne,—
Implored in solitude, alone ;
For those who lead the world astray.
But dawns on earth a better day,—
Their prayers are heard—God answers now—

*NOTE.—The form of expression in the announcement of and call for the women to arise and put down liquor dealing, requires a note of explanation. As the "Dream" had transpired, was written by the author, and copied for the press (by Mrs. Wilber Maxson, Scott, Cortland Co., N. Y.) before any manifestation or visible signs of the "Women's Campaign" had appeared, it was written, as the foreshadowing of, and as referring to events yet to transpire, embracing the "Call and Response, by the women, the Conflicts, Victory, the final triumph, and resuscitation of the race from the degradation and bondage consequeut upon the manufacturing and use of intoxicating liquors." But by reason of the ill health of the author, and other pressing business, its publication was delayed, and it might have still remained in manuscript form, but for the earnest solicitation of some of the friends of the cause it advocates, who had read it, together with other peculiar prompting causes. Before, and about the time the MSS. was prepared for the press, some who had read it corresponded with some book publishers with regard to its being put into book form, but

And Heaven calls to those who bow—
Those who before the throne are bent,
To those God's messengers are sent,
No power can their triumph prevent,
For God has heard their anguished prayer
And calls the suffering hosts to war."
"Behold again the race of earth,
Where sin and sorrow had their birth."

Descending light revealed the scene,
While cloud and flood rolled high between,
But o'er the wave and through the cloud
I saw unnumbered women bowed
In attitude of prayer and grief,
Each pleading for the world's relief;
The hoary and the youthful there,
Alike each bowed in earnest prayer.

"Hark!" said the angel, "to that wail—
Those sufferers do with God prevail."

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nothing further was done. It is proper further to state, that, while very much of that originally written has been omitted, nothing has been added, nor has there been any change whatever made. Had the "Dream" been published when first prepared for the press these remarks would have been uncalled for, as, at that time there was no especial excitement upon the subject in the public mind, further than, to a careful observer, it was evident that the use of intoxicating liquors was greatly on the increase, and especially in some localities The form of expression and the peculiar nature of the Call, &c., are sufficient apology for these extended remarks, and these remarks disclose sufficient reason for publishing the Call, Response, Conflict, &c., as originally written.

THE PRAYER.

" Almighty Father ! hear us now,
While in Thy presence low we bow,
Grant us inspiring strength to rise,
And meet the foe—their camp surprise,
Conducted by all-conquering skill
May we Thy purpose, Lord, fulfill.
Lord, lead us onward—help to save
The fallen from a hopeless grave ;
Aid us, O Lord, to overcome
That power which desolates our home,
Who make and vend their alcohol,—
Our anguished hearts on Heaven call.
Devise, O, Lord, some method now—
Give power to make the monster bow ;
For sake of husband, brother, son,
May we Prince Alcohol dethrone,
And since that power controls our men,
Aid us to rise and conquer.
When
The Prince of Alcohol is slain,
Should duty call we will again
Resume our former attitude,
Nor further on the world intrude
Our conquering host.—O, thou Divine,
Enable us as lights to shine

In this dark world of wretchedness.
Aid us the human race to bless,
And through thy grace to overcome
The life destroying power of rum,
The world redeem from this great sin,
And brighter days for all begin.
Our arm is feeble, thou art strong,
Aid us to win the victor's song
Of full redemption. Lord preside
Over all — all means provide,
Inspire true thoughts, give wisdom too —
O God, beneath our weight of woe,
We suffer — and to thee we come
With broken spirits in our gloom,
And prostrate at thy throne we plead—
O hear us in our time of need.
Remove this peace-destroying cup,
Let thy right hand, Lord, raise us up;
If thou commission, we will seek
Rum's strong hold and its power break.
Within thy courts, Lord, we appear,
Our great petition, Sovereign, hear;
Like Esther, for our own we plead,
Their doom by rum has been decreed;
The proclamation, far and wide,
Rum heralds have, with pomp and pride
Proclaimed, and we behold the doom

Awaiting all. Our home, our home,
O Lord, protect — the great decree
Proclaims our hopeless destiny.
The hosts go forth with power to slay ;
Bid us that fatal tide to stay ;
Give counteracting laws, and we
Will change the tide — the destiny.
Aid us to rescue those we love ;
O smile upon us from above ;
O move our arm with conquering might,
And guide us ever in the right."

THE CALL.

A voice descending from the skies
In lofty tones, proclaimed —
" Arise
" Ye gentle members of your race,
The prince of alcohol displace ;
Arrange your suffering hosts for war ;
Place faithful guards at every door ;
Shield from rum agents, each, their home ;
Make contraband all crafts of rum
Cruising a-near your own domain,—
Be firm in right — the right maintain ;

"In groups, and bands your hosts unite,
Bound by the laws of truth and right,
Your armies as one brotherhood,
Prepare to battle for the good
Of all mankind—assail the throne
And palace of the King of rum,
And legislate more wholesome laws,
And thus attack the legal cause
Of that superior power that shields
A fountain which but poison yields.
Break down those barriers of defense —
The laws — that as a consequence
Protect the source of this great sin;
With the prime movers war begin.
Assail who make and those who vend
This alcoholic, fiery fiend;
Not with vindictiveness, but force,
Remove this dreaded human curse;
By moral suasion — if you can —
And thus redeem the erring man.
Persuade him to the path of right
By reason and superior light;
By tender suasion, loving, kindly,—
Not by rushing onward blindly,
But seek to change the views of those
Who now the temperance cause oppose;
And should the milder measures fail,

"Then with all-conquering powers assail
The system at its fountain head,
Proceed by skillful tactics lead,
To purify the nation's laws,
Close the distilleries, and thus cause
All liquor vendors to desist,
And since they could not long exist
Shorn of their means of re-supply,
Let the old serpent's head first die,
And then the blood will cease to flow;
And thus remove this human woe.
Rise, then, women, rise! look up!
Restore to man his fallen hope;
No longer bowed, prepare to take
Rum's strong holds—and the power to break
Of that which sinks the world in sin.
Close up the marts of rum and gin,
Crush out this baneful human curse,
That ruins man, absorbs his purse,
Makes widows of their wives, and then
Their children orphans. Save your men;
Plead justice—and as right denotes;—
Secure your franchise, then with votes
O'erthrow the code of license laws—
With temperance men make common cause.
Defeat those dealers in that curse,
And with the ballot go—disperse

" Their armies and new codes enact,
Make your reform an earnest fact;
Break down the powers that now control
Men's destiny, that stain the soul,
Involve the weak in nameless crimes.

" Rise, women, rise! signs of the times
Bid all awake and save the race
From this rum-wrought and foul disgrace;
Remove from power who now debase
Their office, and who good men bring
To crime, and make a worthless thing
Of those who kind, but led astray,
Are rushing down the dark broadway
In hopeless gloom, the household shroud,
The intellect of men becloud.

" Rise, women, in vast armies rise!"
Re-echoed through the vaulted skies;
" Rise in your might! approach the polls!
Grasp Freedom's banner!
" Onward rolls
This tide of liquid, fiery death
With steady step and 'bated breath,
Rush from the nursery and from school,
Onward, onward, earnest, cool,
With full determined will to seize;

With earnest hands, fling to the breeze
The banner. With unyielding might,
Enter the field — urge on the fight!
Where'er the advocates of rum
Unfurl their blood-stained banners, come!
Maid and matron break this coil
Of anaconda form, and foil
Their genius and their purposes,
And trample down their usages.
Come from the cradle, from the loom,
From temples and the palace come!
Let earnest blood your temples flush —
Drop rouge, cosmetic, toilet, brush."

"Awake, awake! The cause demands
Female courage, female hands;
Remember husband, brother, child,
How pure and good before beguiled!
Raise your soft hands amid the strife,
Thou mother, daughter, sister, wife;
Yes — thou poor wounded wife of him
Whose cup of woe runs o'er the brim,
From the lone cottage rush to arms!
Thou daughter, too, with fading charms,
Neglected child of sorrow, now,
Make good thy earnest, maiden vow;
Thy father's wrongs and thine avenge,
With holy zeal — not in revenge."

"Ye misses, bid the work God-speed;
Awake! now is the time of need;
On errands run with nimble feet,
And with their couriers fast, compete;
Fly o'er the plains, the message bear,
To those engaged in this great war."

"To arms! to arms! the angels cry —
"To arms!" re-echoes through the sky;
"Humanity in woe and tears,
In pleading attitude appears,
Ye purest, fairest, dearest, come;
Close up the marts where votes by rum
Are purchased, and where men are sold,
And souls are put in scales with gold."

"And thou retiring, timid child,
Ye modest maidens, young and mild,
Your smile is life, your frown is death,
The fate of men is in your breath.
Remove from earth this horrid sin;
With women great reforms begin.
Come — aid to bind this monster, girls;
Comb back again your tress and curls;
Don rougher garb, look babblers down,
And firmly walk the rugged ground.
Come forth with suitable attire,

Revealing resolute desire ;
With energy your will proclaim,
Firmly resolve your cause to gain.
Call women forth with clarion voice,
And make true temperance men your choice;
From land to land, from sea to sea,
Urge on your cause to victory.

" More womanly by far this course,
Than fail to exercise that force
Required to check this nation's curse ;
More noble far to thus have stepped
Than household gods to watched and kept;
In seeming unconcern had seen
This traffic in the souls of men,
And veiled your features, shed your tear
O'er husband lost you held so dear ;
Or home and brothers seen destroyed
By rum unfought — and who employed
The cup to kill, you never warned,
Nor told them you this traffic scorned,
Or once rebuked, yet through the town
In graceful mood, in silken gown,
You tripped along veiled modestly ;
And as a woman, womanly —
Perchance, with gallant, sipped the glass
As matron or bewitching lass."

" Woman — to you the lost dead call !
O, let the gauzy fabric fall
Which all your powers imprison, and
Enslave the women of the land ;
For sake of all you dearly love,
And in His name, who rules above,
Woman, awake ! rend that thin veil,
Which makes you seem so very frail,—
Enshrouds your towering strength ; thus would
Conceal the noblest work of God,
Behind the fashion in a hood.
Make men believe, however loath,
That God made man and woman both ;
That husband, wife, sister and brother,
Have equal rights, one with the other."

" As from the clouds the lightning's flash,
And thunders in mid-heaven crash ;
So let your earnest battle cry
Roll o'er the earth, along the sky,
Re-echoing as the thunder peal,
Until the Prince of Rum shall feel
Your power, as well your glittering steel."

Thus spake the angel, poising o'er
The land made red with human gore.
The heavens echoed far and wide,

The voice that called to warrior's side
The sisters of these men, who toil
This monster, alcohol, to foil.

The proclamation reached their souls,
And touched their lips as burning coals
From off the altar high in heaven ;
Impetus to their power was given,
Legions arose, marshalled for war,
And thousands stepped into the car
Where liberty, the flag unfurled,
And held it streaming to the world,

On either hand women arose,
Proclaimed themselves eternal foes
Of alcohol in every form,
Would take the citadel by storm.
Resolved they now for freedom's sake,
That power throughout the world to break,—
The fettered intellect release,
And cause rum-selling marts to cease ;
All righteous means with vigor use,
This serpents brazen head to bruise.
If need be, women would alone,
This evil, monster Prince, dethrone ;—
Would close forever the career
Of license, whisky, rum and beer.

Saw thus the marshalled legions rise,
As clouds, that darken earth and skies ;—
With sword and buckler by her side,
The *war-horse saw the leaders ride ;
Their wavy plumes swung to and fro,—
She proudly faced the Prince of woe.
Her prancing steed majestically,
Seemed charged with thunder for the fray,
While champing bits, fierce was his neigh ;
He proudly curbed his neck with might,
And reared and wheeled from left to right,
Obedient to the slightest strain
Upon the silken braided rein
In woman's hand, now nerved like steel.
His tossing head and whinneying peal
Revealed the fiery soul within.

That war-horse seemed resolved to win
The battle, should the fair one charge ;
His duty he would well discharge ;
His horse-hood, prancing proud, would neigh,
Impatient for the battle fray ;
Seemed leaping through the air, as though
He trod the ether—seemed to know
The battle was, in part, for him,
So nerved in muscle, bone and limb.

*The horse is often employed as an emblem of power, especially in the Scriptures.

His race — the horsehood of the world —
Had felt rum's power against him hurled,
By man besotted ; when the spur
Plunged rowel deep had gored his side ;
In vain his horsehood did demur
When drunken man urged on the ride.
Plainly that charger seemed to say,
" We quadrupeds await the fray ;
Will charge the foe with fiery zeal,
Have oft, too oft, been made to feel
The wrath of man by spur and goad,
When sinking with our drunken load,
And goaded on with maddened zeal,
As though we horses could not feel ;
Could never tire, could never fail,
Because we could not speak or wail ;
Because to us no voice was given
By Him who ordered earth and heaven ;
But dumb in mute despair must try,
When fallen, to arise or die
From cruel goading by his hand —
Too drunk to walk, or ride or stand.

" Our masters kindly stroke our mane
With tender hands when they are sane ;
But when o'ercome with alcohol,
That hand is not the same at all ;

With cruel might and vengeful thrust,
It then will torture us unjust,
No pity in the heart, when men
Are crazed by rum. We suffer then,
For cause like this, we proudly tread
O'er fallen foes, as injured steed,
Will bear our friends through battle fray,
And cheer them on by prance and neigh.—
Will curb our necks and toss our heads,
Till alco's soldiery is dead,—
Until his marshalled host shall fail,
And women o'er our foes prevail."

Thus did that charger seem to say,—
A moment paused, then dashed away ;—
The waiving plume saw rise and fall,
And heard commander loudly call
The legions, as she led the fight
For temperance and the cause of right.

Another scene arose to view,
An host of women, noble, true,
In the conflict now appeared,
With means to reach the heart, prepared ;
With Holy Bible in their hand,
A noble, meek, and praying band ;
Who moved in quiet with the throng

Of 'wildered men, with prayers and song ;
And with dealers, praying, pleading,
Many with their spirits bleeding,
As husband, father, brother, friend,
Saw conquered by the liquor fiend,
In hopeless ruin at the gate
Of who provide, and then berate
Oft times too those who would have been
The noblest of the noble men,
Had no tempter in their way,
Led them by the charm astray.
Thus those bands, or wife, or mother,
Or a sister seeking brother,
Husband, father, friend or son,—
By the poison, sold, undone ;
Wounded by the Prince of night,
Moved as orbs of holy light,—
From the sacred throne descended,
Who man's sorrows comprehended ;
And with woman's soul of kindness,
Sought those groping in their blindness,
Through the brambly paths of life,
In their never-ending strife,
Sinking lower, lower, lower,
Stumbling from the dealer's door,
Swaying here and there and reeling
With bewilderd insane feeling ;

Sometimes maddened, and then sighing,
Then with broken spirit trying
To o'ercome, anew resolving
To reform, yet still revolving
Round the liquor dealer's throne.
Poor, unfortunates, alone,
None to pity or to care
For them in their dark despair ;
And the world grows darker, colder,
While men taunt them sterner, bolder,
Till they feel forlorn, forsaken,
And all fortitude is shaken ;
Hope declining into night,
And they see no ray of light ;
And no kindly voice they hear,
Lost ! they know not how or where—
So bewildered is their mind,
Not one faithful friend can find.
Sinking lower, lower, lower,
At the dealer's very door ;
In this hopeless state of gloom,
How they sigh for friends and home !
In this doleful deathly tomb,
To which rum the victim brought—
Here those kindly women sought
Those forsaken, hopeless creatures,
With sad hearts and lonely features —

Sweetly singing, meekly moving,
Bands of women, kind and loving.
In the human form those angels
Heaven appointed, meek evangels.
In the conflict everywhere
Moved those women, and their prayers,
And their psalms and hymns while singing
Through the gloomy vaults were ringing,
Till the poor afflicted heard them —
And their kindness deeply stirred them
In the vaults so sadly groping,
And they raised their eyes so drooping,—
For salvation once more hoping ;
And those pure and tender-hearted
Hopes restored long since departed.

Woke once more their better spirit,
And their thoughts of higher merit—
Now they saw the star appearing
And sweet voices in their hearing,
Thoughts of all the past revived,
When with wife and children lived,
Or with father and with mother,
Sister tender, and the brother,
When they lived and moved as men ;
Thoughts of reformation then
In their saddened souls were rising.

Thus those women by surprising
Each dejected, hopeless being
By their presence — and while seeing
In their manner confidence,
Each resolved in earnest ; hence
To abide the counsel given,
For they seemed as saints from heaven,
So unlooked for was their kindness
That the tears caused present blindness ;
" What," they said, " did bring you here ?"
Please excuse this falling tear ;
But to see you and to hear you,
And to be so very near you ;
And your kindly words amazes,
And you see our vision hazes."

(*Reply.*)

'Tis for love of God and man
That we come, and if we can,
Sure will aid you from this tomb,
And restore you to your home.
Then they rose — the women led,
And thus raised them from the dead.
Thus their kindness did restore
Those afflicted, who once more
Moved as men, redeemed by love
And the grace of God above.

And the dealers saw with wonder
This redemption, and did ponder
O'er their traffic, and then pledged
Never more to be engaged
In the sale of liquor, and
Hence in temperance ranks would stand.
Thus through love the work was done,—
Tenderness, their hearts had won ;
Kindness, did their minds incline,
From the sale and use of wine.
Thus I saw those bright evangels,
Moving as if very angels ;
Prayers and tears, and kindly seeking,
Words of comfort ever speaking.
Confidence ! O, what a power ;
Confidence ! O, richest dower
Man can give to man below,
It will raise his soul from woe ;
When all other means shall fail,
Confidence will oft prevail.
Prove to him in deep despair,
That for him you truly care ;
And in him have confidence,
And will kindly aid him hence,—
Note his eye, his countenance,
Kindled by your confidence,—
See him, from his weakness rise,

See! the tear fall from his eyes.
Why all this? Your confidence
Is the cause; the consequence,
His redemption. Try it, friend,
And the truth you'll comprehend.

THE SEIGE.

Around the city now were flinging
Countless legions; women singing
Dirges of their own composing,—
And Satan saw each gateway closing,
With fearful awe the dirges heard,
Nor uttered he one single word;
That demon knew full well, that when
Woman resolved his race to end,
His long triumphant reign was o'er.
Nor could bewilder any more
The race of men,—for every door
To household treasures would be closed,
Nor would her sons be more exposed;—
For woman, in her righteous might,
Resolved to bar her household tight.
And 'lume the dark, frequented lanes
That led to Alcohol's domains.

Illume the dens of vice, reveal
The cells where agents all conceal
The creature's vile alluring charm,
And thus would this dread foe disarm.

A cloud was gathering o'er the throne,
Above which azure glories shone ;—
A smouldering fire I saw beneath,
While rising fumes, inhaled as breath,
Disturbed the King and courtesan.
There saw the smouldering bones of men,—
Of those by alco' sacrificed,—
Those whom rum agents had enticed
To take a glass, and thus betrayed,
And thence were easy victims made.
The relics of the dead disclosed,
Revealed how alcohol disposed
Of millions by the bottle slain,
Who for release had plead in vain ;
Of millions who were led to death
By that deceiver.
Underneath
That temple, (now revealed to view,)
Where that proud King the legions threw,
Was one vast sepulchre of bone,—
Relics of those destroyed by wine,
Above which rested Satan's throne.

The light revealed the throne and shrine,
Where thousands, sacrificed by sin,
Had fallen in the drunken strife;
When Alco's forces took their life,
Whose relics now were thus exposed,
Around which age on age had closed
Her bloody shield. O dark record!
O! horrid deeds of Alco's horde!
Millions on millions hidden there,
Had perished in their last despair.
Millions mourned them fallen, lost,—
There was revealed the fearful cost;
The tribute to that hideous thing,
The sparkling bowl — the liquor king —
Those lives were given to a cause,
Supported by the license laws;
And who debase their fellow man,
A soul destroying heedless van,
Of whom there may be, doubtless are,
A multitude, who would not share,
Designedly, with those who would
Entice, then plunder, if they could,—
And then just punishment evade;
Or would, for gain, have willing made
Men into brutes by daily trade,—
Friend and neighbor thus betray,—
Or, knowingly, would lead astray

By low device, their fellow men,
Then hoard them in the prison den.
Thousands there are, whose true intent
Justly tested, would prevent
These evils which from dealers flow;
But in the light should not all know
That rum is leading men to death —
Thence willingly, and underneath
All their blandishments exists
A purpose, that for aye, subsists
Upon the hope of gain, though all
The world should into ruin fall?
God be their Judge — I leave them there,
In His wise keeping, God-like care,
And turn again to that expose
From which the stifling vapors rose.

What sighs—what groans—what scalding tears—
And who conceive what ghastly fears
Haunted that chamber of the dead,
Where earnest prayers were hopeless made;
What buried hopes—what deep-drawn sighs—
From who in that dark dungeon lies.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

A flag of truce the King sent forth —
But parley now was little worth,
For women had decreed the end
Of Alcohol, and every friend
Must cross the lines or stand the siege—
With alcohol she would not liege ;
Was now resolved—no hope remained—
Whose garments were by soul-blood stained
Were kindly sought, but, parley then,
Could not with powers that ruined men.
The noble men were well inclined
To cheer her on, sustain her mind,
While many did in heart incline
To lovers of lager, gin and wine.
I saw the battle thus arrayed,—
I saw the King was sore afraid,—
Saw multitudes redeemed and saved.
Beheld the banner as it waved
O'er that dark, dismal scene of death,
And heard the roaring fires beneath.

In battle array saw women arise,
As clouds that gather in the skies ;—

And saw her march, in legion, forth
To battle 'gainst this foe of earth.

Saw woman bathe the fevered brow,—
Before deep sorrow saw her bow,—
But when occasion urged the fight,
She rose, a soul new nerved with might.
Then saw her at the front, where right
Contends with villiany; and when
Her courage saves the wavering men.
I saw her grasp the helm, and swear,
Who trafficked in men's souls, should share
Her vengeance; nor would cowards spare,
Nor compromise with alcohol.
I saw before her army, fall
This tyrant of the race;—and saw
Her vindicate superior law;—
And saw her raise the nation's head,
And fan its temples;—hope, nigh dead
In men, till women cheered again.

In smoke of battle saw her plain,—
With flag unfurled, bold, daring, true;—
The fleeing foe saw her pursue.

As mother, then, I saw her home,—
Her happy children round her come,—
Saw husband smile, and heard the son

Praise woman, who the victory won.
The conflict over, men said: "Now
We must reward her well; but how
The race reward such faithfulness?"

An angel answered: "Love and bless,—
Be kind and manly,—ever smile
Upon her, free from frown or guile.
Her great reward is faithful love,
Her virtue bears the race above;
Through grace, by the great Giver given,
Earth's conflicts culminate in heaven."

SCENE XVII.

UNEXPECTED MEETING.

The earth and all its scenes withdrew;
An angel came and o'er me threw
A mantle of celestial light,
Which thrilled me with supreme delight.
I turned, and standing by my side,
I saw again my victim's bride;
I strove for shame, my face to hide,
When she, whose sorrows once I made,
In kindly voice, said, "Mercy bade
My happy spirit to thee come,
And lead thee to our blissful home.
I suffer not, nor does my love,—
'Mid scenes of pure delight we move;
We live in yonder cottage, where
With thee, will joyfully repair.
Beneath yon bower our cottage stands,
O'erlooking those elysian lands,—
O'erlooking fountain, hill and dale;

O'erlooking yonder floral vale,
And also yonder distant sea,
On whose smooth waters, quietly,
Are gliding barge and gondola.

Why hesitate? This is the way!"
Transfixed with awe I could not move—
O, wondrous power of holy love!
I wounded them, their peace destroyed—
Agents through my own schemes employed,
Afflicted to the last degree.
I said, "You cannot welcome me
On earth, your most successful foe?
With you, no, never, can I go!
What! so polluted, black with crime,
Who wronged you, ruined you in time?
I knew you sunk o'erwhelmed, beneath
Your weight of care, yes, sunk in death,
Was blinded by my love of gain—
O, leave me to my woe again.

That angel said; "yes, you destroyed
All earthly comfort; you employed
Your vile devices to pursue
My honored husband. Truly, you
Devised and played your game full well;
Made of our happy home a hell;

Tore from my arms the man so kind—
Besotted brain and soul and mind ;
But God regarded us while you
So wickedly did us pursue,
And woes increased. Long, bitter years,
You filled my weeping eyes with tears ;—
But God, in mercy, bottled up
Those tears—and when the bitter cup
I drained, you forced to drink the dregs.
That heart is hard, when woman begs
For pity, that derides her grief;
Still nothing changed my soul's belief
In Heaven's promises ; and then
I prayed for all rum selling men ;
I pitied you ;—I offered prayer
That God my husband's life would spare
From that eternal sorrow which
Was just beyond that filth and ditch
Of degradation where he lay—
My loved, but lost."

"God heard me pray,
And by His boundless love and care,
He did from endless ruin spare
That dear deluded love, of mine.
The cause of all his thoughtless crime
Was in the cup he took of thine ;
But I forgave and now forgive,—

And, O, rum-seller, could you live
Once more with men, would you reform
To rules of right and truth conform?
Would change your habits, strive to win
From death, the slaves of vice and gin?
Say, could you to the earth return,
Would you your bottled liquors burn,
And teach repentance, faith and love,
And strive to serve the God above?
Would seek the orphan — toil to save
Inebriates from the drunkard's grave?
Would seek the poor dejected wife?
Would spend in earnest means, and life
In deeds of mercy? Ponder well,
And choose you quickly heaven or hell."

She paused! I bowed me down in grief;
Her manner added to my grief
So good, so holy! whom I saw
The victim of the license law.

Amazing goodness what I sought
This holy angel soul had brought
To me, so tender, and just when
Cast out by souls of fallen men,
From those expelled, as though unfit
To dwell with demons in the pit.

Here worth, and love and all that's good,
Appeared in holy womanhood;
Her form was clothed in glorious light,
Her glowing features, dazzling sight;
Her eyes were as the diamonds bright;
Her smile angelic loveliness;
She came, my ruined soul to bless;
She smiled, and turning, waved her hand,
And quickly by her side did stand,
Husband and children I abused;
This was the group I so misused.
She smiled again, her husband too,—
Then reached his hand; What could I do?
I stood amazed,— knew not how long,
Before them whom I did such wrong;
Transfixed I was, with palsied tongue,—
Before me stood the ruined man.
At length I answered :—
If I can
Return to earth will rectify
The evil done,—with right comply;
Forgive me; O, thou ruined soul,
Whom I besotted by the bowl;
How noble in his manner there,—
Saved by a faithful woman's prayer.
He stood in garb of righteousness,
No more bowed down with his distress,

Caused by his folly,—my design,
The cup he drank, I filled with wine.

(*The Husband.*)

"I took the cup, and ruined her,
Kind heaven justice did defer;
She prayed — God heard — and here I stand,
A soul redeemed."
I took his hand;
Yes, took it in my hand of sin—
The same that once prepared his gin.

"Let us return," the wife then said,
And angel-like the way she led,
Until we crossed a rippling rill.
"Here drink," he said, "this cup I fill,
No price I ask, the cup is free,—
No poisoned draught I give to thee,—
Thou gavest poison, liquid death,
Which brought my spirit low, beneath
The heavy weight of wretchedness,
And now I seek my soul's redress.
Here, drink from this life giving flood,—
This cooling draught will do thee good.
No serpent coils within this cup;—
Take freely — drink, drink it quite up."

I took the goblet from his hand.—
Down by the brook the wife did stand,
To dip again the goblet full ;
And said : "'T will slake thy thirsty soul.
Long have I prayed for thee, and now
When thirst is slaked, come, let us bow
Before the author of our bliss.
Give now thy hand, I fain would kiss
The hand that smote my spirit low,—
The hand that dealt the cruel blow—
That felled me by the lonely bier ;
That pierced my heart, and brought the tear
Of anguish from my youthful eye,
That caused me, while still young, to die."

"This hand my master bade me kiss ;
This being Jesus bids me bless.
Not for the ills once brought to me,
But by the love of deity,
Who saves repentant souls. Dost thou,
Say, canst thou, not with solemn vow
Give pledge to change thy course ; to live,
Again return to earth, wilt give
Thy pledge of solemn fealty to
The laws of righteousness, and do
To others as you wish they should
To thee and thine ? Wilt seek the good

Of man and change thy course of life?
No more engender drunken strife?
No more forswear thyself for gain?
Wilt strive to save thy fellows pain?
The sad and suffering will relieve
As freely as now dost receive
This goblet, which to thee I give?
All evil, labor to undo—
All wrong which you have done, all you
Have wrought in families; and when
You leave once more to dwell with men,
Remember all the scenes of woe
From which you are allowed to go;
And with a firmly, fixed intent,
Employ your powers to prevent
The work of any traffic in
Rum, whisky, brandy, lager, gin —
The baneful practice of retailing
Ardent spirits now prevailing
Throughout the kingdom of the world,
By which the souls of men are hurled
From holy hights to their dread doom?
A dark and doleful moral tomb.
Will you relate the horrid scene
Revealed to you, where you have been—
Also with earnest, honest prayer
And deeds of love, strive to prepare

For fellowship with souls at rest,
A welcome with the holy blest?"

"The hour will come—ye know full well—
When like to like shall cleave and dwell
Together in heaven or in hell:
Controlled by laws that ne'er shall cease,
But shall in strength, for aye, increase;
When souls to kindred element
Shall cleave as one embodiment."

Her features beamed with glory bright,
Her form was wrapped in robes of light,
Her voice was music, saintly sweet;
O'ercome, I bowed low at her feet;—
"Nay," said that saint. "Bless Him olone
Who dwells in light—before whose throne
Seraphic beings now adore,
And anthems waft from shore to shore,
Of the immensurate realms afar
Illumed by sun and glowing star;
Bless Him who gave His angels charge
O'er thy poor soul."
"Let love enlarge
Thy sense of right, thy being raise
From sordid selfishness, to praise
The cause of goodness. Praise thou Him,

Adored by saint and cherubim.
Praise Him who for poor sinners pleads,
Whose goodness for them intercedes.
Praise Him who died that you might live;
Praise Him who freely doth forgive
The faults and follies of vile man."

"But you I wronged," I cried, distressed—
She laid her hand upon her breast;
"How much you never can conceive,—
But evil done I now forgive.
My Saviour heard my fervent prayer,
And we are all united here;
Our sorrows o'er, our trials past,
Yes, he and I have met at last,—
Have met to share eternal rest,
Reclining on each other's breast.
The cup destroyed him, well you know,—
The cup my soul o'erwhelmed with woe;
The cup, alas, the cup hath slain
Its legions."

"Where the cup holds reign
There mortals suffer, mortals weep;
There reign the whir-wolves of the deep;
Where human vampires haunt and den,
Where congregate rum-ruined men.
Whose wives and babes in sorrow lie
Alone to bear their woes and die,"

" We worship at His holy shrine,
(Who can forgive because divine)
With these dear babes now clad in light—
Rum did their tender spirits blight.
Rum made them orphans and despised,
Through schemes rum-selling men devised.
But all the past our hearts forgive ;—
Go, thou lone being, strive to live
In deep repentance of the past,
Go, toil to over-come, at last,
The faults which innocence alloy.
Go, earnestly thy powers employ,
To renovate the horrid den
Where congregate rum-ruined men.
Go, and commence that labor now ;—
Restore the lost, redeem all thou
Mayest yet redeem ; seal here thy vow."

I vowed in earnest,—all my heart
Arose and took an active part,
The husband gave again his hand,
My feelings I could not command.
There stood in manly grace, the one
Whom I, by plotting, had undone ;
Whose life had been a very curse,
Because I took for rum, his purse.
Whose children I had orphans made,—

Of whom to mine in manner said,—
" That drunkard's imps neglect and shun,"
Before me stood those once my pun,
Who now their persecutor meet
With natures pure, divinely sweet,—
Now safe in that bright world of bliss,
And, henceforth, free from all distress ;
And each by each loved and caressed,
Forever joined, forever blest.

The little child who watched with fear,
Now said, when called to come more near :—
" This is the man who cursed me so,
His features are the same, I know,
Who ruined 'pa and mamma dear,
How came that wicked creature here ?
And mamma, how you mourned and wept,
When this man your bright jewel kept ;
And pa was in that dreadful place,
This is the man, I know his face ;
Your ring I saw him often wear,
You named it often in your prayer ;
I thought he wore it just to tease
Us all, and not his pride to please —
For on his little finger then
He had to put it, and the men
Do never wear the wedding ring.

I never knew so strange a thing,
And all my playmates said, that he
Displayed it so we all might see
The ring and weep, just as we did.
I often wished that ring was hid
When you would weep so much, that I
With you and brother, dear, would cry.
Now, why did this man come up here;
I hoped he could not get so near
Our home again. I wish he'd go
Back to that gloomy world below.
Bad men I never see before
Land on this bright delightful shore;
O, mamma, say, will any more
Who sold that poison come this way,
Across that pretty, quiet bay?
Will this man take your ring again?
Will he in this bright world remain,
And bring his bottles full of rum—
And coax my papa from our home?
O, I wish he had not come.

I fear him now — he wished me dead,
When to his house I went for bread.
He called my pa a drunkard, ma,—
He gave — I saw — the cup to pa.—
He took our home, and in the cold

Drove all of us — our home he sold,—
Then laughed when papa fell; and I
To lift him up, in vain, did try."

"He cursed papa and scolded you,
And called us all a drunken crew.
Why is he here, ma? Will he make
A cup of poison? Make pa take
The dreadful stuff, and make him sleep
As he once did, and make you weep?
Will he our grotto sell from pa?
Why is he here? O, tell me, ma."

Before the child I humbly kneeled,
And to her there with tears appealed;
Confessed my sin,—she then forgave.
"I know," she said, "Christ died to save
All wicked men. You won't hurt pa;
Say, will you, and scold us and ma
As once you did?"
"No, no, dear child,"
I said, and she with manner mild
My temples stroked, and said: "Arise,
We live, you know, above the skies.
We have no sorrow now, but sing
Our hymns to Jesus Christ, our King.
We now are happy — don't weep so,—

I was afraid—I did not know,
But you had come again to drive
Us from our home, and make us live
In some poor leaky hut, as when
My ma put boards upon that pen
To shelter us from cold and rain ;—
May we in our new home remain ?"

The mother then addressed the child
In voice angelic, speech so mild :
" Dear Mary, he is sorry now,
Before the Saviour see him bow ;
Embrace him, dearest, and forgive,—
And bid him go in peace and live."

Around my neck she wound her arms,
That sweet embodiment of charms,—
And said, " Ma tells me to forgive,
And ask you to come here and live."

The genial nature of that child,
So innocent and unbeguiled,
Awoke my tenderness of old,—
A jewel which for gain I sold.
I vowed upon the altar there,
And offered all my soul in prayer ;
United all my powers in one
Determination, to atone
For time and talents illy spent.

A little up the valley went
The father and his prattling ones,
When Mary said,
" To us belong
The grotto 'neath that lovely hill,
Where we in peace and quiet dwell ;
Our bowers adorned with floral gems,—
With lilies swinging on their stems ;
With roses, pinks and violets,
And jassamines, forget-me-nots,
And lilacs by our cottage door,
The hyacinth and many more
That bloom around our grotto there.
O, is not ours a nice *parterre*
Of fadeless flowers, which never are
Withered by the frosty air ?
I cannot give them all a name,
They were all here when mamma came ;—
She knows them better than I do,—
They are our joy and treasures, too,
I think them very nice, don't you ?
And see that fruit depending from
The bending bower all o'er the lawn ;
Here fruit immortal, did you know,
On trees immortal, ever grow?
Ambrosial fragrance fills the air,
And sweet perfumes breathe everywhere.

That fountain, too, so pure and sweet,
That pearly brooklet by our feet,
These golden walks through avenues,
Where brother in his play, pursues
The skipping fawn, the sportive lamb,
And, O, how happy too, I am,
For pa and ma are with us now,
And all of us so often bow
Before, please see, that precious throne—
Sing praise to Him, who did atone,—
Provide these beauties for us here,
And heard my mother's humble prayer
While she was weeping over there,
And brought us all to live and share
These scenes so lovely and so bright;
It fills us all with such delight,—
And, O, to think there is no night!
And I must tell you, angels come
To see us in our pretty home;
They are so lovely, nice and good,
And live up there so near to God,—
Just yonder, on that shining hill
Where rises that delightful rill,
Which flows, you see, through our *parterre*,
And empties in that ocean there,
Which mamma says "Is bay of heaven,—
Where all the good find sweet repose,

When by the storms of earth are driven,
Through that dark gate, where each one goes
From earth ;—where all of us were born,
And lived in trouble."

"Through death's gate,
The little boats by winds are borne ;—
And there some angels, good and great,
Stand guiding all into this sea,
Where from cold storms they are all free."

"We are so happy when we see
The little boats come into sight,
With beings just from death's dark night ;
They look so pretty in this light,
And soon appear so very bright ;
And smile so sweetly, when they know
They never will be made to go
Back to that world of care and woe."

"And angels always meet them there,
To guide their little boats with care
Across the sea, to their new home ;
And lead them to their pretty room,
Adorned and beautified so neat,—
And then they smile so meek and sweet,
And free from care they now can rest,
And never, never be distressed.
And, O, it is so good to know

That here there is no grief and woe,
No tears from weeping eyes can flow."

O, I must tell you of that ring,—
But not one troubled thought to bring,
For all is past,—we are at rest.
You see that badge on papa's breast ;—
A ring, and many sparkling gems,
And precious stones, and diadems.
That ring you notice, has a name—
The good man gave before we came ;
He made its light to circle round
Both pa and ma ; and said it bound
And made them one eternally
In bonds of holy unity ;
An emblem of a love that's pure,
Which never dies while souls endure.
Love that is born of blending souls,
Which, from the twain made one, unfolds
The angel form of loveliness ;
Is sanctified and hence divine,
And in this world will brighter shine.
The love uniting souls on earth
Where conscious beings have their birth—
Kindred spirits interblending,
Is a love that has no ending.
Pure hearts on sacred love subsist ;

Pure love in blended hearts exist ;
Conjugal joys are gems of heaven,
This love-life from the Lord is given ;
Unending as this glowing ring,—
Within its circle pleasures spring
Into form, increasing ever,—
Nor will those blended by it sever ;
This ring the great Redeemer said
Was born of love, of love was made,
And brother and myself did bring
Within the circle of the ring ;
The light was brighter than the sun ;
Our Saviour said it made us one,—
Pa, ma, my brother, and me, too ;
Nor was that all He then did do,
He took us in His shining arms
And smiled ; and, O, the sweetest charms ;—

This ring of love joins earth and heaven,
And to the pure in heart is given ;
And if a child or parent come
O'er the dark sea, arriving home
Long in advance, love still combines
Them all as one,—all kindred minds.
Soul with soul still interblending,
And as one,—all upward tending ;
Those coming first are anchorage,

For those remaining, who engage ;
Hence pursuing loved ones gone,
And in tears they follow on
Trusting in the holy One ;
And the ring contracting, will
Bring them nearer, nearer, till
All are landed safe at home,—
Where who trust the Saviour come;
Meeting on this blissful shore
And to separate no more.
See the ring, O, see it shine,
With the light of love divine."

Her mother then said :—
" Mary, dear,
The stranger cannot tarry here,
But now must leave a little while."
I thought I saw a saddened smile,
But still she rose, as would a dove
Upon the air, and said :—
" I love
You so much now, please come again,
When, mamma says, you must remain."
Then poising near me, sweetly said :—
" This is a banner mamma made ;
Please take it with you to the world."
The banner gently she unfurled,

As I received it from her hand.
Descending from above, a band
Of holy harmonists she spied,
And with a child's delight she cried,
"O, see the angels!"
"Yes," replied
Her mother, "yes, from o'er the tide,
Where they attend the good who die,
And cheer their spirits—from the eye
Most tenderly the tear remove,
And tell of Jesus and his love;
And with melodious voices, sing
Sweet anthems to their Sovereign, King."

"Those are the angels who were there
In that lone cottage, when despair
Seized my sad heart,—no friend was nigh,
Save those bright beings from the sky;—
They buoyed my hope, my spirit blest,
And soothed my weary form to rest."
As they drew near I recognized
The angel who had oft advised
Me, as I wandered o'er the sea
Of darkness; and approaching me,
He bade me read the words inscribed
Upon the banner;—then described
Its nature and its uses, when

I bore it to the haunts of men.
Inscribed thereon, in letters plain,
I read, and now the same proclaim :—
" Remove those men who rule by rum ;
The poor provide with peaceful home,
Let women to the rescue come,
And save the objects of their love ;
God will sustain them from above."
The angel then with voice most clear—
" This message to the earth" said, " bear ;

Salvation of the race proclaim
Through His all conquering arm and name ;
Who once between two sufferers died,
Between two thieves was crucified ;
Who answered the poor victim's prayer
While all were bleeding, dying there.
And on the cross gave promised bliss
To the poor creature in distress ;
Yes, who unfolded heaven then
To one of the poor dying men,
And said, " This day in Paradise
Redeemed from all impure devise,
Thou shalt be with me and at rest,
And purified and ever blessed !"
Proclaim that Abstinence alone
Can save and for the past atone ;

To you the voice of Heaven cries,
" Be prompt, be earnest, faithful, wise."

Proclaim that seeking higher life
Through the Divine, and free from strife,—
Moved by the spirit of the Lord
And guided by His holy Word
In meekness, love and earnestness,
True temperance advocates may bless
The race of men through abstinence,
From all that's evil ; ever hence
Avoiding all that's vain or low,
But seeking as they onward go,
Thy soul's salvation.
Joined in one—
Temperance, love and purity—
The great redeeming work thus done,
Will set the world of mankind free
From sin and bondage of all kinds ;
Thus elevating human minds,
Transforming by pure love the man,
And by these powers united, can
The land redeem from the great sin,
And a new era thus begin.

Go forth, then, to the outer world,
Keeping your banner well unfurled,

Also your badge of brotherhood,
The index of determined good—
That which shall set the people free :
Living the life of righteousness,
For thus alone, mankind can bless."

A cloud descended, glorious, bright,
The scene enwrapped in dazzling light ;
In that bright cloud all objects blended—
A moment paused, then re-ascended ;
And as it rose, an angel cried,
" The laws of righteousness abide ;
Return to duty, thou forgiven,
While we again return to Heaven."

With wonderment and senses 'mazed,
Upon that scene with awe I gazed ;
Then o'er the brook with caution stept
Awoke and found had only slept.

THE CONSUMMATION.

It was a dark and dreary night,
I groped in sadness and alone;
Time had with wonted marvelous flight,
Descended toward the great unknown,
While I had wandered down the glade,
Unconscious of the steep descent;
And earth had matchless progress made,
As toward its destination went.
On either hand I sought a friend,
And listened for some kindly word,—
I knew my pilgrimage would end
When I had reached that distant ford,
Where entered all who live and die,
Where pass all mortals out of time
Into the vast eternity.
Already heard the echoing chime
Of that mysterious, solemn knell,
Rolling upward on the breeze;
Each echo bound me as by spell,
And my heart's blood appeared to freeze.
In this lone solitude, I heard

A voice so sweet, of tender tone,
That deep within my soul it stirred
Declining consciousness.
" Alone
In this dark vale of solemn gloom
Dost journey stranger? Hast no friend?
In solitude approach thy tomb?
There hoping sorrows have an end.
Hast thou no guide to kindly aid
Thee, as descending this lone way?
As through the billows feebly wade,
Whose waves a stronger, often sway
From the right course, and down this tide
Thence borne into that yawning deep?
Hast thou no pilot-light, no guide
In the right course thy steps to keep?"

The waters o'er me surged again;
I struggled to the tide withstand;
But all my efforts seemed in vain.
And hope was failing, when a hand
Steadied my swaying form; a voice
With tenderness so sweet, divine,—
" Why weep alone?" Make heaven thy choice,—
On thy redeemer, now recline,
" But so unworthy."
" Jesus died
To rescue in this trying hour,

To all who seek, the crucified
Vouchsafes his all sustaining power,'
" But my cold heart."
" His kindling love,—
His life for thee was freely given ;
Look, lone pilgrim ! Far above
See the open way to heaven.
Grasp now the cross ; behold that star,
Beyond the river's cheerless wave ;
It guides the lonely pilgrim where
There is no solitude ; will save
Thee in this trial,—trust that light,
It 'lumes the pathway o'er the deep,—
Will lead thee in the way of right.
Trust, trust, for God will safely keep
The soul reclining on His arm
Unto that glorious victory,
Which rests above all powers to harm ;—
Pilgrim, the Saviour waits for thee.

" But I have sinned—led hosts astray,
By the alluring beverage,—
Legions inclined the downward way.
O, that I could some power engage
To rescue those deluded men,
That rum has ruined,—whose dark doom
Appears to my sad spirit, when

Too late I see the powers of rum
To lead the victims into night.
To blast all earthly prospects—and,
Though now I see the ways of right,
Condemned and helpless here I stand."

" Fain would these hands at once undo
The evils that these hands have done,—
Roll back those doleful tides of woe,—
But helpless, here I am alone."
Again that voice—
" Rum's power is slain,
Behold the citadel is razed
From its foundation. See again."

Upon another scene I gazed
With wonder deep, joyful, profound ;
I saw the powers of rum had failed,
And light was beaming all around.

Again appeared who rum assailed—
And trusting Heaven, war had waged
'Gainst rum's strong hold and license law
Had conquered, and were now engaged
To save the fallen. Then I saw
The helpless in their saddened state—
And those who fought the powers of night

Were toiling now to renovate
The earth—and each enshrined in light,
Went forth to soothe and heal the wound
Of those afflicted and o'ercome ;
And glory shone on all around
Those rescued from the power of rum.

Those noble spirits Heaven sent,
Seemed very angels, in whose arms
The weak and wounded lay. Light lent
A glory to their angel charms.
They sought all suffering, all in need
Provided home and home supplies ;
The naked clothed, the hungry fed,
And wiped all tears from weeping eyes.
With kindly words and tender care,
They cheered the wounded and forlorn,
How oft was heard their earnest prayer
That God would usher in that morn,
The dawn of that millenial day ;—
Day of salvation to the race,
When human woe is borne away
Through power of God's redeeming grace.

Far in the east I then beheld
An angel rising o'er the sea—
A sceptre in his hand he held ;

"Salvation dawns, the world is free,"
Proclaimed that being, coming forth
On wings of light and azure hue,
And glory shone o'er all the earth
With radiance of superior glow.
Each ray was a breath of liberty;
Before the angel, waves of woe
Rolled downward toward the final sea
Where Sin and Death in union blend,
And then expire and cease to be,
And human sorrow have an end.

And followed that bright angel, waves
Of glorious light, ambrosial air,
In which each waking being laves—
Thence raising, holy, young and fair—
Thus saw the quickened race of men,
And earth, to Eden-life arose;
Another epoch now began;—
Nature blossoming like the rose,
Ambrosial fragrance life perfumed,
Immortal youth on every brow
And nature her first work assumed.

Upon the altar offered now,
Was life, and purpose, and all thought.
Nations arose as born anew,

And this, what those first toilers wrought,
Whose faith was strong—the noble few—
But who upon the Lord relied,
Nor feared to face the scoffer's scorns,
Remembering ONE, the CRUCIFIED,
Who wore for man the CROWN OF THORNS,
That man might share unsullied bliss;
And mingling with the cherubim,
Redeemed from sin and all distress,
Should wear the holy diadem.
As rolled the tide of death afar,
As rose the race to life divine;
Each mortal seemed a burning star,—
A gem in heaven's crown to shine.

And thus were redeemed the deluded, the poor,
And the rum-seller, scattered destruction no more.
Convinced of his error, was led to repent
Of all evil done, also, changed his intent.
No longer encouraged the rum-selling trade,
Supported the laws that the traffic forbade ;
For the people resolved the feeble to shield,
And all license laws were annulled and repealed.
When the cloud rolled away and the heavens were clear,
The nations rejoiced — for the jubilee year
Had dawned on the world, and righteousness reigned,—
Victory won, and the angels proclaimed
The glorious news in the heavens above;
Earth saved by the power of justice and love ;
Rum triumphed no more, and a happy content
Pervaded the world, and onward men went,
And upward they rose, increasing in might,
Controlled by religion of truth and of right.
Salvation had come and the world was redeemed,—
The sun of all righteousness on the earth beamed ;—
Angels and men this redemption all singing,

All nature rejoiced and the bells of truth ringing
Re-echoed afar the salvation of man
And angels responded, " Hallelujah, Amen ! "

No more did the fallen lay wounded beneath
The wheels of the car of the goddess of death.
Truth won and the voice of the seraph proclaimed
That the temperance cause had its object attained,
When the Prince Charmer fell and was banished from
earth,
And a day of bright glory beamed forth at the birth
Of the era of peace, and of victory gained,
And sobriety over humanity reigned.

Salvation was sung, holy anthems rose higher,
Till the seraphs above swept their hallowed lyre ;
And God heard the hymn of redemption thus sung,
Was pleased with the work and the glorified song ;—
And loud was the anthem of sacred devotion,
Which arose from the world in volumes so vast ;
And over the earth God's pavilion was cast,
And all hearts swelled with holy emotion.

It is done ! It is done ! and the world rises high,
Men and angels consort in the sun 'lumined sky ;
The millennial year ushered in its bright morn,
When the now happy race out of darkness was borne ;

A new power inspired, and a glory shone round,
Men praised and the heavens re-echoed the sound,
In a loud, " Hallelujah, Amen."

Rum is shorn of all means of oppression and rule,
Redeemed from its grasp is the agent and tool ;
And the laws of humanity reign.
Amen and amen, for the work is now done,
And an era supreme with the race has begun,
Hallelujah, Salvation, Amen !

RETROSPECTION.

As I reflected, I inquired
What it was my mind inspired ?
By what means could be defined
The laws that so impressed my mind ?
It seems I hear all men combined
And answer in the whispering mind —
" A dream—a dream " — then be it so—
" A vision." That I do not know ;
" Derangement of the moral senses "—
Then where's the cause of these sequences ?
" Imagination overwrought "—
But how to such extremes was brought ?
" The mind a focus for earth's scenes "—
There is no claim to higher means
As cause for all the changing views.
" Distempered mental thought pursues,
The *ignis fatuus* of sense."

Be this or that, without pretense,
My mind appeared as far away—
With marvels seemed with ease to play ;
And memory now records each scene

Through which my laboring soul has been,—
Remembering still that tiny boat
With which I sailed the distant sea,
In waves of dark futurity—
In which I drifted down the throat
Of that deep gorge.
With this brief note
Will close the visionary theme;
Whate'er to others it may seem,
My mind was wrought to highest state
By scenes I feebly here narrate;
And life to me, in fact, doth seem
More like a vision than this dream.

It may be truth—if so, what awe
Must strike with dread, who, by our law,
Are bartering happiness and bliss
For those few pleasures found in this,
Our transient state, this brief abode.
One truth remains,—There is a God
Who justly rules the universe;
And here I close this mythic verse.

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